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EIGHT ESSAYS ON
JOAQUÍN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

VOLUME II

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EIGHT ESSAYS

ON

JOAQUÍN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

BY

AURELIANO DE BERUETE,

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AND

WILLIAM E. B. STARKWEATHER

FOLLOWED BY

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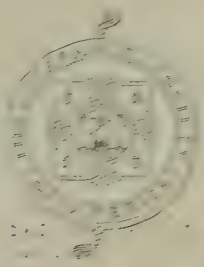
VOLUME II



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BODLEIAN

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JOAQUÍN SOROLLA
THE MAN AND HIS WORK

BY WILLIAM E. B. STARKWEATHER

JOAQUÍN SOROLLA

THE MAN AND HIS WORK[1]

DURING the past two decades, Spanish art has made advances so great, that it to-day occupies among contemporary European schools of painting a position of proud preëminence.

Fifty years ago the essentially national art of Spain seemed well-nigh extinct. Basing their work upon the cold pseudo-classicism of David, there had grown up in the peninsula a group of men who quite dominated Spanish art and who devoted their considerable talents to the painting of huge historical illustrations. In the work of Frederico Madrazo and of his innumérable pupils, whose ranks included such distinguished craftsmen as Casado del Alisal and Rosales, we but occasionally find traces of that unwavering naturalism which has been the characteristic of Spanish art in its greatest epochs.

Nor did the comet-like Fortuny, with his horde of imitators and followers, serve to revive the historical

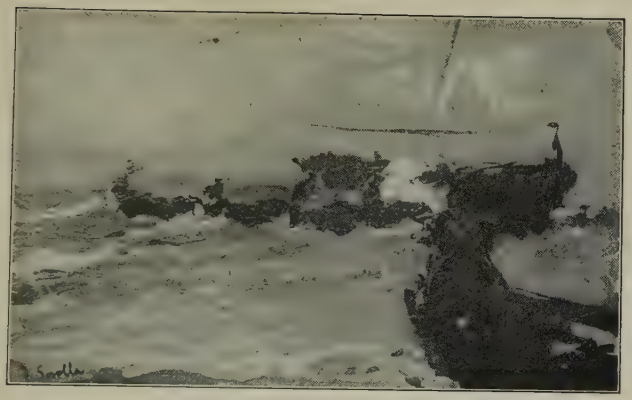
[1] This presentation of its subject, not before printed, has been prepared as a lecture to be illustrated by the lantern.

school of Spain. Endowed with amazing natural gifts, Fortuny chose to forsake his own country and the subjects of his country and gave us a series of works more French than Spanish and which, though astounding in their technical achievement and glittering beauty, are not free from the reproach of insincerity and commercialism.

From this chaos of French influence there has recently emerged a group of artists of extraordinary power, who, absolutely Spanish in style, have revived the art of their Fatherland and are forcing it to that position of eminence which it held in past centuries. Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida, Ignacio Zuloaga, Gonzalo Bilbao, and Hernán Anglada are the leaders of this movement.

The intensely national character of his work, his extraordinary technical attainments, the catholicity of his choice of subject, and the volume of his output have given Sorolla an undisputed position as the chief of this strong group of vigorous painters. For ten years he has exerted a dominating influence over Spanish art.

Sorolla's strength is the strength of the people. Born of humble parents in Valencia, on the twenty-seventh of February, 1863, he had the misfortune to lose his parents during the great epidemic of cholera



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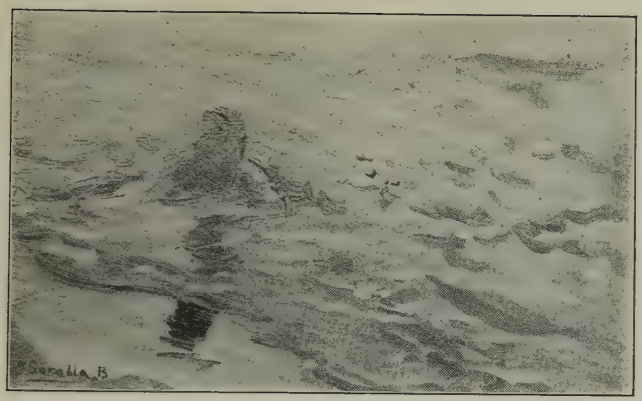

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that swept the city two years later. Together with his infant sister, he was adopted by his maternal aunt, Doña Isabel Bastida, and her husband, Don José Piqueres, the latter by trade a locksmith. At school young Sorolla took no particular interest in his lessons, but spent the greater part of his time scribbling and sketching on his school books. Finally, his uncle withdrew the boy from the class-room and placed him at the forge, where Sorolla worked away for some time and laid the foundation for that splendid physique which has served him so well in later years. Sorolla soon began study at a drawing-school for artisans, where he showed great ability. Encouraged by the natural aptitude of his nephew, Señor Piqueres permitted him to leave his work at the forge forever and to attend the local art school known as the Real Academia de San Carlos. Here the youth became the favorite pupil of Estruch, and had the good fortune to enlist the interest of Señor García, a celebrated Valencian photographer, who assisted the struggling artist for some years. Subsequently Sorolla married the daughter of his patron, Doña Clotilda.

At seventeen Sorolla made his first trip to Madrid and exhibited a picture, a landscape, which to-day he characterizes as "Very bad." "It could not have been worse," he says laughingly. Led on by that

tremendous ambition and enthusiasm which are the greatest characteristics of the man, and amply backed by his great bodily and mental force, Sorolla at twenty years of age undertook the painting of a twelve-foot canvas and gave us his first important picture, "The Second of May."

This picture depicts the desperate resistance of the Madrid people to the French in the Spanish War of Independence. It is a turgid, immature work, imitative in many ways of Goya; theatrical in treatment, and deficient in technical achievement. It is interesting, however, inasmuch as it forecasts something of what the future art of Sorolla was to be. The young painter started the huge work in a studio. He found the result disappointingly unreal. Under the first promptings of that tendency toward realism which afterward became a passion with him, he scraped his canvas clean and set it up again in the open bull-ring of his native town. Here in clear sunlight, with his models smoke-enshrouded to give the effect of battle, he painted the picture. The reality which the canvas thus gained is its principal claim to merit. In 1884 he gained a scholarship from the city of Valencia and went to Italy. Here he copied from the Italian masters and, under the influence of the classical Roman school, painted his only religious

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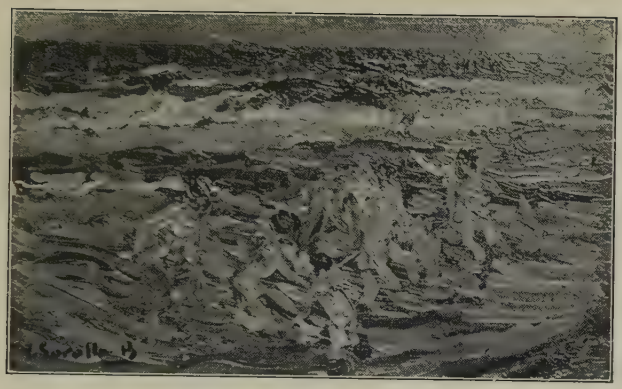

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picture, "The Burial of the Saviour," a correct, but cold and unrepresentative work.

A journey to Paris, however, gave the young man opportunity to study works of Bastien-Lepage and of Menzel. Among modern painters these two great realists have been Sorolla's chief enthusiasms.

During his first visit to the Metropolitan Museum, made a few weeks ago, it was Bastien-Lepage's great picture, "Joan of Arc," that he looked for with impatience in every room. It was this picture that he studied with greatest interest. And in the exhibition of contemporary German art, the pictures of Menzel moved him to boyish enthusiasm.

Returning to Italy he continued his work as a copyist. Sorolla himself regards this Italian trip as effort spent in vain. He had not found his definite manner. Always determined, however, always industrious, he produced several large works of rather indeterminate style. With his return to Spain, Sorolla fell upon difficult years. He was very poor and supported himself largely by the sale of water colors and illustrations. He has told me that the first picture he ever sold, a landscape, brought him seven pesetas, that is, $1.40, and that he painted small portrait heads at a dollar apiece. He was habitually reduced to such shabby shifts as painting on the

coarse back of his canvas, instead of on the smoother prepared side, so that his picture would have the effect of having the tooth of a heavier and more expensive canvas than that which he could afford.

Finally, in 1892, he exhibited at Madrid his first representative picture, "Otra Margarita." His success was immediate. He found himself at once among the front ranks of Spanish masters. Brought to the World's Fair at Chicago, this canvas now hangs in the Museum at St. Louis.

With "Otra Margarita" the career of the Sorolla the world knows may be said to have begun. He had found himself.

Sorolla's work has come as a surprise and revelation to the American public. Famous for years in Europe, where he has won every honor within the gift of the French government, he had shown but little of his work in this country and has been represented here but by a few scattered and rather early examples. Now, under the auspices of the public-spirited Hispanic Society of America, which has brought Sorolla to our country as its guest, he has shown us a representative collection of his work in a more splendid and harmonious setting than it has ever before received.

Judged superficially, there might be a first tendency

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to declare that we had seen work more essentially Spanish than is his. Sorolla has done few costume pictures. In his work you will find no gipsies, no cigarette girls, no figures strumming guitars, none of that passing Southern Spain for which tourists search and which the general public expects of Spanish pictures.

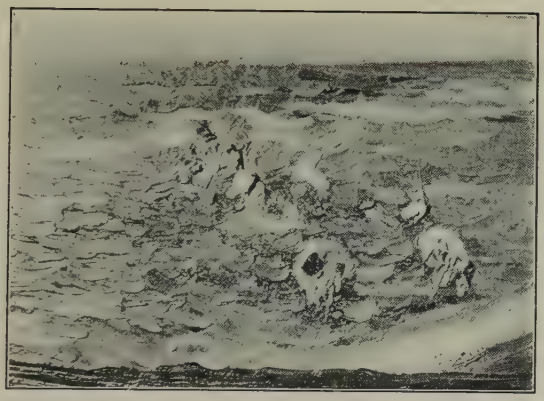
"They said I did not paint Spain," Sorolla once exclaimed of some early French criticism of his work, "because I did not paint a duchess with her arms about the neck of a bull-fighter. That Spain, the Spain of Théophile Gautier, no longer exists!"

I remember very well on my first trip to Spain that the painter reproved me sharply for reading Gautier's book, saying with patriotic pride that it maligned his country as it is to-day.

Of the four great leaders of modern Spanish art, Sorolla, Anglada, Zuloaga, and Bilbao, Sorolla is in reality the most thoroughly national, because he is the most thoroughly realistic. Only in rare instances has he occupied himself with anything else than a masterly representation of the appearance of things. With psychology, philosophy or symbolism he is not concerned and, like Velázquez and Goya, absolute realism has been the basis of his art. Velázquez in his third manner was undoubtedly the first of impres-

sionists. He threw aside traditions, or compromises with tradition, and in *Las Meninas* gave us a rendering of what he actually saw instead of what he knew to be there. The facts, the visual impressions of that court group, are presented to us exactly as they would have been recorded on our eye had we been there to see and if we had had the keenness of eye to discern. And as a result of this insistent analysis, he arrived at giving us correct renderings of the figures as they stood before him in illuminated atmosphere, securing effects of unrivaled naturalness, and for the first time in the history of painting, deriving tone and quality in a picture by a representation based on natural harmony, rather than by some arbitrary toning process of the studio. Goya, much less limited in field than Velázquez, extended the impressionism of the earlier master to suit his own temperament. And Sorolla has taken this pictorial impressionism that is the heritage of Spanish art and carried it ably on with the brilliant and extended range of the palette of to-day.

His work has so far been marked by four distinct manners. The Segovians, the oldest work in the Hispanic Society exhibition, is a good example of his first manner. Here the subject is more definitely arranged than in his later work, the color is darker,



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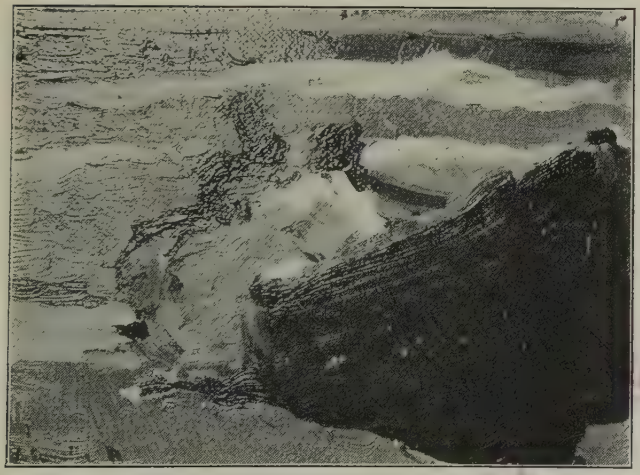

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the technic less spontaneous. In the figure of the old man rising from his chair, of the girl with her head turned toward the window, there is some hint of a blind search toward those qualities of transience and accident which so definitely mark his later work.

In his second manner we find a much less deliberate arrangement, a much truer understanding of illumination and submergence of figures in atmosphere, while his brush work has begun to assume that surety and finality that now distinguish it.

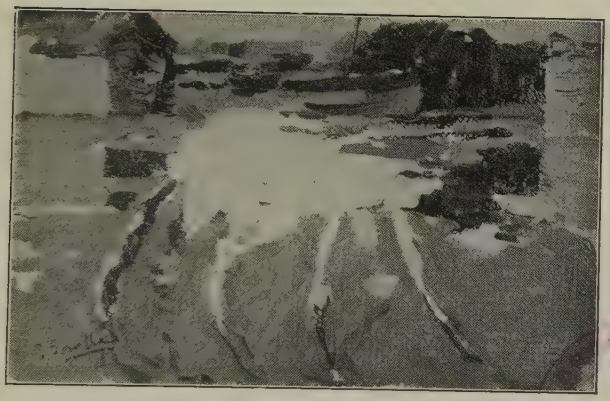
His third manner is most clearly shown in his great picture "Beaching the Boats." The elemental nature of this scene, the struggle of man and beast with the forces of wind and water, have given Sorolla perhaps his greatest opportunity. One of his earliest large canvases of this scene, painted when a little past thirty, was bought for the Luxembourg by the French government. Now in the fullness of his middle years he has given us a final colossal treatment of this subject, a masterpiece of painting and drawing that has occupied places of honor when shown at London, Paris, Madrid, Berlin, and New York. Here his rendering of sunlight has reached a point of luminous splendor and beauty beyond which he himself, nor any other man indeed, has ever gone. The crafts-

manship of the picture is masterly. The tremendous vigor, abundance, and fine sanity of the man's art find in this canvas one of its greatest expressions.

Sorolla's work is characterized by extraordinary excellence in three great qualities, drawing, painting, and color. It is well-nigh impossible to overstate the triumph of his technic.

His drawing, at all times adequate, has become wonderful in its simplicity and directness, in its grasp of essentials, its searching characterization. There is no problem of moving figure, of scintillant sea, that offers him difficulty. He has said of drawing, "The older I become, the more I realize that drawing is the most important of all the problems of picture-making. Whether you use three thousand strokes, or ten strokes, in the painting of a shoulder, counts for nothing. What is really of importance is that the shoulder be solid and well constructed."

As a matter of fact, however, it is well-nigh impossible to separate his drawing from his painting. His drawing is painting, his painting drawing. Few would quarrel with the statement that he knows better than any other living man how to apply pigment to canvas. The surety, the brilliancy, the solidity of his work, are unsurpassed in our time. And his tech-



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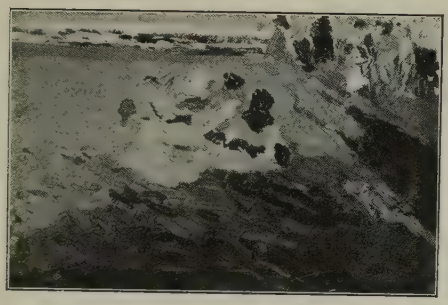

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nic is majestic in its power and dignity. It never descends to fireworks for fireworks' sake: his hand is always the servant, never the master.

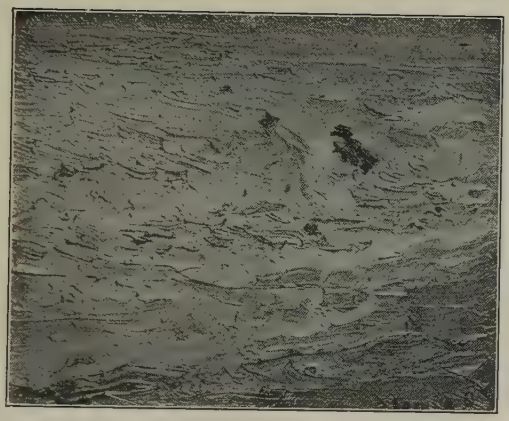
In his fourth manner, illustrated by his picture entitled "Country People of León," the search for reality has been carried so far that there remains no trace of deliberated composition. This huge work has been taken from life with the same lack of previous plan with which another artist would toss off a thumb-nail sketch. Summoning all his extraordinary equipment as a painter, Sorolla has made a furious assault on the canvas in the effort to approximate as nearly as possible the effect of a picture painted in a moment to represent what he had seen in a moment of the kaleidoscopic group before him. The canvas is a marvel of virtuosity. For simplification, for certainty of technic, for speed, it stands unequaled.

"The great difficulty with large canvases is that they should by right be painted as fast as a sketch," Sorolla has said. "By speed only can you gain an appearance of fleeting effect. But to paint a three-yard canvas with the same despatch as one of ten inches is well-nigh impossible." It is these theories that have found expression in this latest phase of his extraordinary art.

"But the canvas is twenty years ahead of its time," Sorolla has said of it. "I fear that people will hardly like or understand it."

"Twice in your life," he has said to me, "you might, through happy accident, arrive at painting a nose with a single stroke of the brush. Things well done and arrived at with this simplicity are marvelous in effect. But it would be the maddest folly to go all your life thereafter trying to paint noses with but one stroke, for it would be manifestly impossible to sustain yourself at a height the reaching of which is accidental. When an artist begins to count strokes instead of regarding nature he is lost. This preoccupation with technic, at the expense of truth and sincerity, is the principal fault I find in much of the work of modern painters."

In color for outdoor work Sorolla has swept his palette clear of all earthy or opaque colors such as are generally employed in depicting shadows. "The chief glory of the old masters," he has said, "is their drawing and characterization. I find their color for the most part purely conventional. The chocolate brown shadows which they painted on the side of a face, for example, do not exist. With all its excesses, the modern impressionistic movement has given us one discovery, the color violet. It is the



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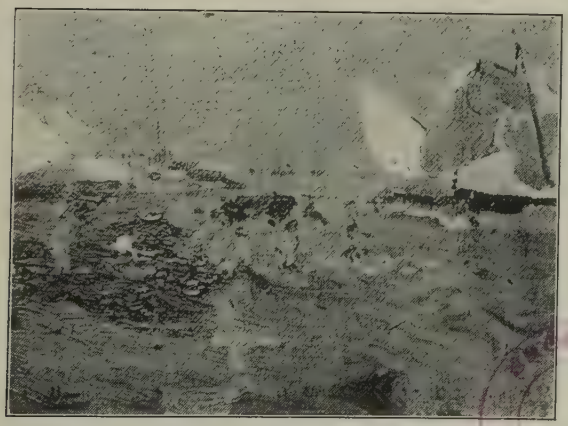

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only discovery of importance in the art world since Velázquez."

It is manifestly impossible, through lack of perspective, for a painter's contemporaries to judge what place he will hold in future years among the great figures of art. But if the name of Sorolla be finally included among those of the immortals, it will be due to his rendering of sunlight. "It is impossible really to paint sunlight," he has said, "one can only approximate it." But in many of his canvases he has certainly come near to performing the impossible. It seems incredible in approaching some of these paintings, that these effects are obtained with ordinary paint only.

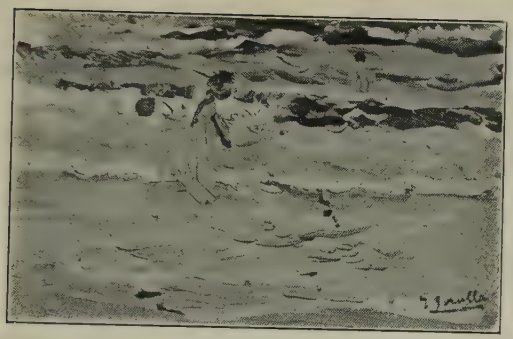
One searches for some trick of reflection, of luster paint, of concealed mirror, in these radiant canvases of sparkling sea, of shining sail. As a master of sunlight he ranks absolutely alone.

The art of Sorolla is an art of joy, of sunshine, of splendid youth. He does not consider for a moment failure or distress, old age or death. It is an art somewhat savage, somewhat pagan; but it is an art beautifully vigorous, admirably robust.

In a time when art is so concerned with the elaboration of the minor and the mournful, his frank optimism, his healthy delight in living, as shown in these pictures, is a refreshing note.

Sorolla as a man is indefatigable. There is nothing he cares about save his family and his art. To these two objects he has devoted his entire life. He goes into society as little as possible, and, in the past thirty years, there have been comparatively few days, save Sundays, when he has not worked six to nine hours. His output has been enormous. At his exhibition in Paris, three years ago, he showed five hundred pictures, last year at London, two hundred and seventy-eight. Some idea, too, may be gained of his output when we remember that comparatively few of the (356) canvases he is now exhibiting at the Hispanic Society are more than four or five years old. Certainly, his work has never been seen to better advantage than in the beautiful building of the Hispanic Society. And the unusual construction of the building, with the decorative lines of the arches of its patio, have given the exhibition a setting and tone entirely distinct from that which it could have gained in a more conventional gallery.

Sorolla's range of interest is very great. From sunlit sea, he has turned to sunlit garden; has shown us opulent Spain in her happiest moods; has painted with delight whatever has caught his fancy with its dash of life, its light, its picturesqueness. And the great contrasts of the man's art, his almost incredible



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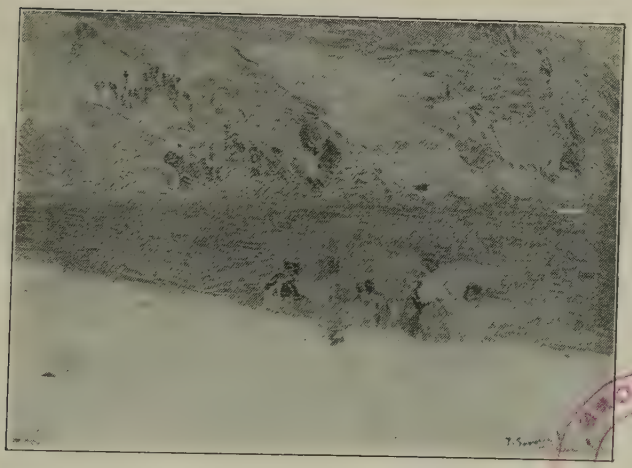

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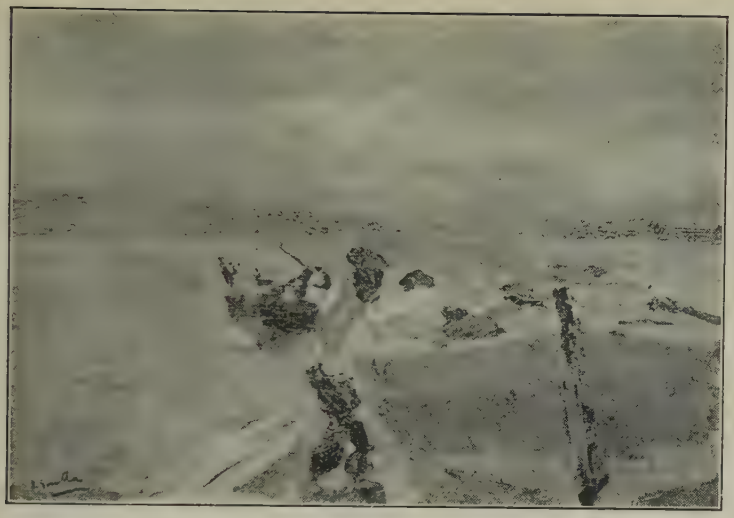

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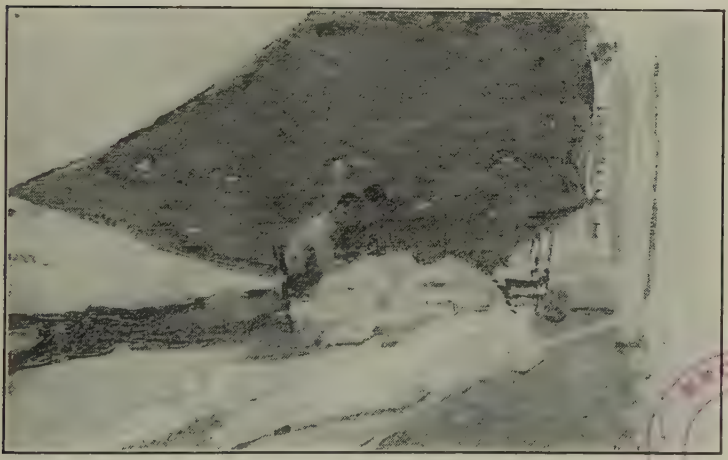

Cosiendo la vela

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facility, are best shown in turning from such a picture as his old Castilian, painted with robust picturesqueness, to his exquisite picture "Mother."

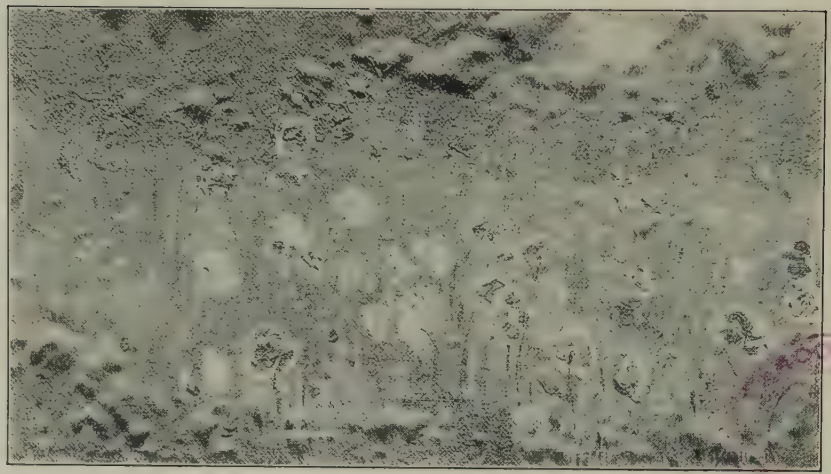
The volume and quality of his work are comparable only to Rubens. Indeed, in their fiery ambition, in the fierce necessity for creating, which each of the artists has felt, as well as in their approach of art entirely through outward aspect, one finds many points of resemblance between these two men.

A painter of Sorolla's position in Spain has naturally been called upon to paint some portraits of Spanish royalty. Of the young King of Spain he has given us one strong head, painted in four hours, which shows remarkable insight and analysis, which is indeed an historical record of the royal sitter before him. The portrait is curious as having been autographed in paint by the king himself, the monarch presenting it to one of Spain's grandees. The queen, Victoria Eugenia, he has painted in her coronation robes, and of the heir to the throne has given us a delightful little sketch. As far as possible Sorolla has abandoned the traditional manner of painting royalty, the gold chair, the background curtain, and in the portrait of the Infanta Isabella, one of the most popular of the Spanish royal family, has developed an excellent quality in quiet gray. And in black

he has given us a portrait of distinction of Princess Henry of Battenberg, mother of the Queen of Spain.

It is true of all artists that their best portraits are never official portraits, but those made of their own families. Painting in a tranquil and familiar atmosphere those he knows and loves best, there is apt to be a quality of ease and psychological understanding in these portraits not so generally found in portraits painted to order. It would be particularly fitting in the considering of these delightful and intimate family portraits of Sorolla, to commence with that of his father-in-law, Señor García, who gave him generous backing during his early years. He is one of the kindliest and simplest of men. Señora García and her granddaughter María have offered the theme for a quiet and well characterized portrait that recalls in its telling something of the color and manner of Velázquez.

Sorolla's style as a portrait-painter has been marked by four manners as well as has the style of his general work. These are seen clearly in four portraits of Señora de Sorolla. In his first style he distinctly followed Velázquez, whose work he copied as a young man. It is interesting to note in this connection that Sorolla does not now advise students to copy from this great master of Spanish art. "Go to



Adormideras

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him and study, reverence him, but do not copy him," he says. "It would be of more value to you to put up a basket of oranges and paint them than to repeat *Las Meninas.*"

In his second manner Sorolla has become more robust, more personal. An example of this manner is the portrait of Señora de Sorolla standing beside a red chair. This graceful portrait he considers one of his best works. The obscure and conventional brown background that marked his earlier portraits has disappeared and there is more of a tendency to cool gray and black.

This tendency we find still more marked in his latest portrait done indoors, showing Señora de Sorolla wearing the Spanish mantilla, a very powerful work of fine quality. All trace of Velázquez influence has disappeared; there is, however, quite a hint of Goya in the furious painting and the rich blacks.

His fourth manner in portrait-painting is one of the very recent developments of his art and is something entirely new in portraiture. This class includes his portraits in sunlight. No sacrifices are made for the head, as is so generally done in the usual portrait. In a portrait of Señora de Sorolla at La Granja, we have both a charming picture of a lady by a fountain, and a remarkable character study as well.

In this class may be included a fine work of his daughter María, also painted at La Granja. It is something of a joke in the Sorolla family to say that it is María who supports the family. Her father has painted his daughter innumerable times, and her portraits have an exceedingly ready sale. From the walls of a hundred public and private museums portraits of María look down, as well as do representations of his youngest daughter, Elena, shown in the dainty "Kiss" picture. The Sorolla girls consider it little short of scandalous if a work painted by their father is not sold in three years, and I have heard them joke their brother because pictures painted in which he is the center of interest do not sell so well.

Possibly the most striking of the portraits in sunlight of this painter is that of Alfonso XIII in the uniform of the hussars. The King stands in the garden of La Granja. The glitter of sun, the sparkle of light on gilded military ornaments have given the painter opportunity for remarkably picturesque effect.

The Duke of Alva is one of the last of a long series of the distinguished sitters who have come under Sorolla's brush. It is one of the most satisfactory and most strongly characterized portraits he has given us of the Spanish nobility.

Of the Don Alejandro Pidal y Mon, statesman

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Puerto de San Sebastián

and man of letters, Sorolla has painted an excellent head. It is interesting as an example of what the painter can do in a single session of two hours, the entire picture having been finished in that time. The work is marked by the same thoughtful qualities as those which characterize a subtle rendering of Don Aureliano de Beruete, the Spanish authority on Velázquez.

In contrast to these men might be shown most fittingly a portrait of Blasco Ibáñez. With what skill the painter has changed his technic from the suave, fine manner of the Beruete portrait, to the brusque, brutal, trenchant style that aids so greatly in giving proper character to the burly masculine figure of the author of "Blood and Sand."

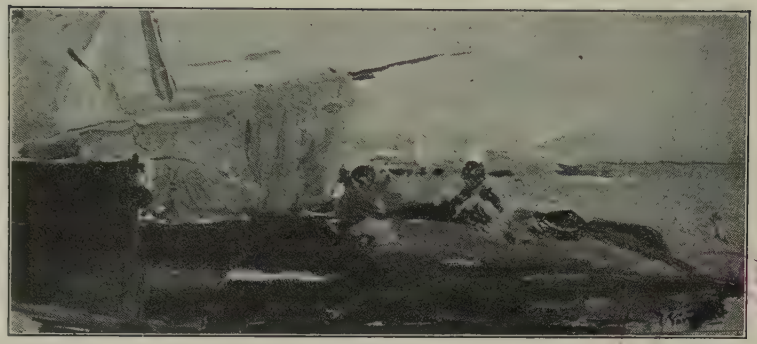
In sharp contrast again is the nervous sketch of Franzen, the well-known Spanish photographer.

And now let us in imagination make a journey together to Valencia and try to gain some glimpse of Sorolla painting. It was at Valencia that Sorolla was born, it is here he is most thoroughly at home, it is here that he has done his greatest work. Sorolla is a child of the sun, a modern Zoroastrian, and the sun he loves best is the burnished orb of Spain's midsummer.

It would be then an August night, say, at eight

o'clock, when we board the express for Valencia in the Estación del Mediodía. The train slips through the Spanish twilight into velvet night. Past mourning Aranjuez we go; the stations become more rare and deserted as we plunge along. No longer we hear the reedy cry of the child selling water, "Agua fresca!" or the long-drawn wail, "Almohadas para viajeros!" (Pillows for travelers). In the first dawn we tumble out of the carriage at Albacete to buy a clasp knife, the stock product of the town. The sun soars up mercilessly as we go on. As we pass Játiva, the early morning is already stifling and we decide crossly that we dislike the town with its dusty palms, blazing walls, and hedges of adelfas. At last the train pulls along by the big red bull-ring of Valencia and lands us in the Estación del Norte, one of the ugliest railway terminals of Europe.

Before the door, arid and uninviting, lies the Plaza de San Francisco, relieved at its further end by a mass of tropical trees. You have but to pass this when, suddenly, you find yourself in one of the most moving and picturesque towns of Spain. The peculiar sparkle and brilliancy of the place under its glorious sun, the clearness of its atmosphere, the radiance of its very shadows, these seem to form the peculiar key-note of Valencia and of Valencia's beach. There



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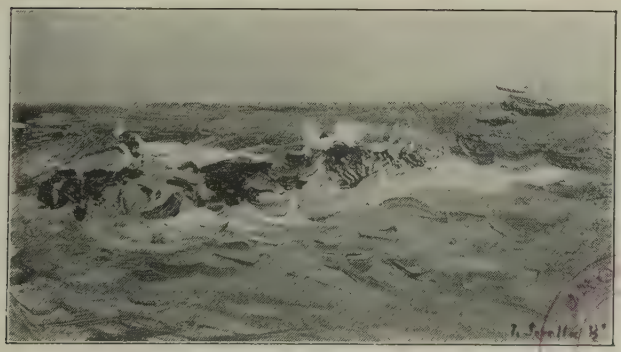

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is plenty of glare in the city, but swinging awnings, swaying shadows of palms speak of the nearness of the sea. There is nothing oppressive in the illumination, as there is at Burgos, where the dying town lies like a sick lizard, breathless in the yellow sun. And there is nothing of the pitiless illumination of Toledo, where that shadeless city sits gaunt, blinded and exposed on its huge red cliff. In passing through the town you may possibly catch a glimpse of its great cathedral, of the picturesque market-place dominated by the Lonja de la Seda, and, indeed, if you watch sharply, may even see the Calle del Pintor Sorolla, an important street named by a grateful municipality after its illustrious son.

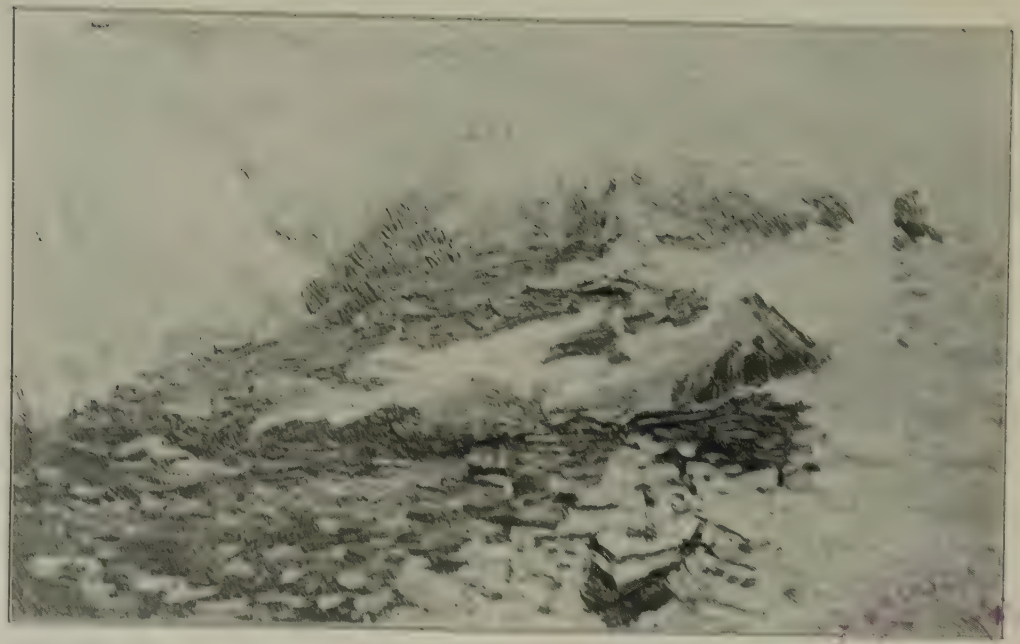
Valencia lies three miles from its port. For thirty centimes a very modern electric tram carries the traveler across the curious old Puente de Serranos. Below, the river Turia, sun-dwindled, sulks along, a mere rivulet of heavy water in its broad bed. We pass a dusty tropic garden and enter the long Camino del Grao with its bordering plantans. To the right we pass a handsome garden belonging to Señor García, Sorolla's father-in-law, where the painter has done some of his delightful orange studies; to the left we hear the resonant din of an occasional foundry, gain some glimpse of a cottage embowered in adelfas.

All this country has been reflected in the magic mirror of Sorolla's art with the extraordinary sincerity and vision that characterize the man. No aspect of the country has been so mean, so lowly, as to leave him cold. I well remember my amazement when, as a green art student, trained in conventional schools, I took my first walk with him through the country and saw him stop entranced before a pile of manure covered with straw litter, the whole a sparkle in morning light. "Stupendous, colossal, magnificent!" he said with customary enthusiasm. "I am going to paint it!" "I am going to paint it!" should be the crest of Sorolla. It is a succinct expression of the man's whole soul.

The streets grow narrow and dirty, teams loaded with merchandise drag slowly by, their drivers asleep. A turn in the road and we are in the port itself. This riffraff of tramp steamers, this hurly-burly of the quay, Sorolla has caught in many of his pictures, and he has devoted many other canvases to the motley array of fishing-boats that find refuge in the inner harbor.

To the north of the port, the train brings you to Las Arenas ("The Sands"), a fashionable bathing establishment. Across a foot-bridge, and we are on the borderland of Sorolla's beach. Northward, along the coast, staggers a slipshod fishing village called El

Playa de Valencia



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Cabo de San Antonio, Javea

Cabañal. The houses are low, unpretentious white-washed structures that blaze with color from door and window; for, "Gracias a Dios," we are in Spain, where a man may paint his door blue and his window pink with impunity. The low lines of the fishers' huts are broken only here and there by the flare of a pert summer villa, looking like nothing so much as a big bonbon. Before the irregular row of cottages, stretching an eighth of a mile in width to the violet Mediterranean, blazes and shimmers an unbroken sweep of smooth sand. It is dotted with fishing craft of every description and alive with people. We have reached Sorolla's real studio.

Perhaps the first impression made on one's eye at the beach is the glory of the fluttering sails of the fishing-boats that rest in a row by the edge of the sea. Their sails are curious in form, doubtless just like those of the Grecian and Phenician craft that came to these sunlit shores so long ago. The bird-like bellying movements of these clouds of canvas, as they sway drying in the sun and wind, have been a note that has fascinated Sorolla and that he has reproduced again and again, and always with his extraordinary facility for seizing the accidents of motion.

About these boats center the life of the beach. Perhaps a boat is just coming in and is being beached in

the way peculiar to Valencian folk. Several yoke of oxen are driven into the sea and hitched to the boat's prow. Ways are laid under the keel, and then the vessel is dragged in through the surf to the sand.

The fishing-boat once on the sand, the fishing people swarm about to see the catch; the children who have been bathing nearby crowd around. It is a moment of chatter and bargaining, of screaming and laughter. The beach of Cabañal is no place for those with weak eyes. The sun is not only in the sky. It blazes at us from the wet side of a boat, gleams on the silken head-dress of Josepha María, glints on the fish she is selling, reflects from the wet back of her bathing child, is thrown back by the curve of a wave. The whole scene is radiant with light, with youth, with the joy of living.

"Alegría del Agua," Sorolla has called one of his pictures. It shows a romping mob of children racing into the sea. "Alegría del Agua" with "Alegría del Sol" might be taken for a description of Cabañal beach and for a description of Sorolla's art as an outdoor painter.

What dexterous use he has made of all the picturesque material the beach offers! Some of the little girls he has painted in their wind-blown bathing garments have the charm of the delightful figures of

Adelfas

192 Playa de Valencia

193 La Concha, San Sebastián

Tanagra. The nude little savages he has shown disporting themselves in the waves furnish a rare opportunity to study his wonderful drawing, the amazing surety and simplicity of his technic.

In the glitter and gorgeousness of the Valencia beach there is one sad note. At five o'clock in the afternoon may be seen coming through a country road a group of boys dressed in the drab of an orphanage, and guided by two Franciscans. They are the offcast children of wretched parents. Most of them are crippled, some of them bear the stigmata of idiocy, many are totally blind. As the melancholy cortège reaches the beach, however, boy nature asserts itself against physical limitations. There is a thin cry of joy, and the whole pathetic, grotesque company rush for the water with what speed they can make. The moment of the bath Sorolla has taken for his picture "Triste Herencia," which won for him the grand prize in Paris and Madrid. "It is the only sad picture I ever painted," he says of it. "I suffered greatly. I shall never do another."

Nine o'clock finds Sorolla at work upon the beach. He works standing, at the water's edge, his models often before him in the wash of the sea. The Mediterranean, practically tideless, permits one to work by its side all the morning without moving. Back of

Sorolla is generally arranged a huge piece of canvas stretched on poles and painted black to avoid reflections on the picture, and placed in such a way as to screen him from the unduly curious. At his feet sits Pepe, one of the most intelligent, and most certainly the laziest fisherman in Spain. During the summer, Pepe serves Sorolla, carries his canvases on his head, cleans palettes, searches for models. At times Pepe is himself a model, and as Pepe has a widely assorted lot of children of his own, who often pose, he makes a very good thing of his summer. Pepe is a philosopher. As he lies in the shade and watches the painter work, he comments on life, propounding the theory that only six years of life are of value, the years from six to twelve. "From one to six you are a baby," he says, "life does not count. From six to twelve life is all gold. At twelve all joy is ended, you must work, you have responsibility." And, sighing heavily, he lights another cigarette of abominable tobacco, and rolls back further into the shade.

One wonders which is more pitiless, the sun above, or the furnace of the sands beneath. A wind from the sea brings no comfort, and, indeed, only prevents keeping up a sun umbrella. All day long, and every day in the summer, Sorolla paints calmly on in the sun, in a heat that often reaches 110 in the shade.

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Playa de Valencia

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It is a trial by fire for any northern born student who tries to keep up the tremendous pace. Sometimes at five o'clock, after six and a half hours of this painting, Sorolla begins another study by the sea, and paints until sunset. He has done this for twenty-five years. Can this explain some of the wonder of his technic? "Have you worked?" "Have you worked?" is the insistent question he is constantly putting to a student, even though long since he has learned that the student leaves no hour unoccupied.

It is a most interesting thing to see Sorolla painting. I will tell you a little incident of his work typical of the man. Once, after a tremendous day, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Sorolla began on another study of a little girl entering the sea. To make his picture less a figure study, he decided to put three little children in the sea. Two little girls and a boy waded into the water hand in hand, laughing, making no particular effort to stand still. They were, indeed, washed here and there by the waves. Sorolla painted the three wet figures, gleaming in the gold of the setting sun, in fifteen minutes. It was a marvelous display of master painting. At twilight I went down the beach to put my painting things in a shack for the night. In the darkness of the place I heard groaning. Stretched at full length, face down on the dirt floor,

was a Spanish student of Sorolla, who had been with me but a short time before, watching the painter. I thought he had a sunstroke, and was seriously alarmed.

Suddenly, the young fellow turned on me fiercely: "Did you see Sorolla paint those children?" he cried.

"Yes."

"Do you ever think you can learn to paint like that?"

And then, without waiting for a reply, he bawled: "You can't, I can't, nobody else can! He don't know himself how he paints. He just paints as a cow eats!"

A superficial study of Sorolla's painting might lead one to think Francisco was right. He paints apparently without any worry or preoccupation, very, very fast, and with tremendous surety. "I could not paint at all if I had to paint slowly," he says. "Every effect is so transient, it must be rapidly painted." He grasps in a few searching strokes an accidental movement, a fleeting expression, a retreating wave. There seems to be no mistake, no undoing. His picture builds steadily to completion. Most of his pictures are painted in from four to six mornings, many in one or two. He does not arrange in his mind before he starts what sort of a picture he is to get. One of his most common criticisms of a pupil's work is, "This

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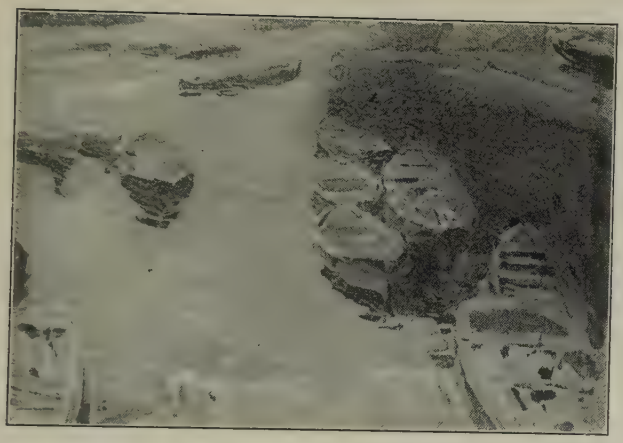
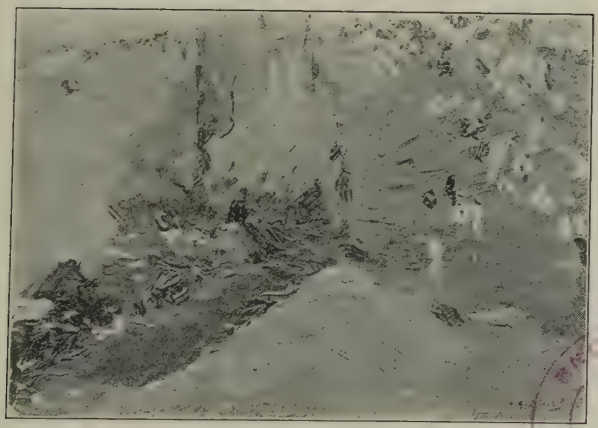


197 Biarritz



198 Biarritz

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looks fixed up, as if you had an idea before you started of what you would make of the scene. Go to nature with no parti pris. You should not know what your picture is to look like until it is done."

"Just see the picture that is coming," he says often of his canvases, as they are being built up, exactly as a photographer, in developing a plate, watches with suspense emerge on the film the scene he photographed. His big pictures are painted in almost the same way. There is no elaborate composition sketch. A German firm once wrote with a view to buying the original sketch for the picture "Beaching the Boats." "There was none," he replied. His big pictures are worked directly from nature in a shack built by the sea.

Francisco was wrong in thinking that Sorolla does not know how he paints. The ease and brilliancy of his work blinds us at first view to all evidences of long and thoughtful training. Always back of his painting is that twenty-five years in which he has painted and smoked a great deal, eaten and slept a little. Than this Sorolla does nothing. In the development of his work, everything has been studied, everything has been watched, all false paths avoided, every danger met. A student said to Sorolla, "I have arrived fairly well in drawing, fairly well in the technic of

painting, but in the regard for drawing and painting when working from nature, I find it difficult to look out for fine quality."

"Ah! That is the last thing one arrives at," said Sorolla. Then he tapped his forehead. "It is here you do it," he said.

One hundred miles south of Valencia, a little used narrow-gage railway brings us through an opulent country to a shack of a railway-station known as Vergel. The only train that brings you there in the day arrives exactly at noon. From the station there is nothing to see save a miserable fonda across the way and a blazing white road that stretches away in radiant sunlight across the treeless plain. That twelve-mile ride in the tumble-down Vergel diligence is not a tempting prospect, but it is the opening of the door of Jávea, a hidden Paradise where Sorolla has done a great part of his outdoor work.

Those twelve miles are very, very long. The dust powders you as white as it has silvered the vineyard by the wayside. The fat lady who has come with her maid to spend two weeks in the country with her family, cries, "Dios, que calor," and swears by all the saints that the climate is changing and that the summers are surely warmer than when she was a girl. Her servant pulls close the curtains of the crazy vehi-

Segovia

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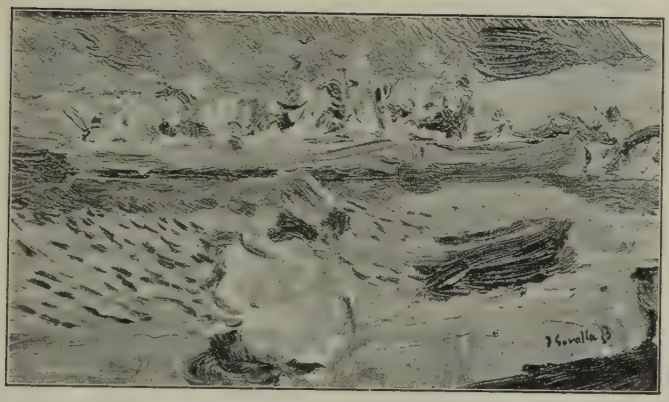

Asturias

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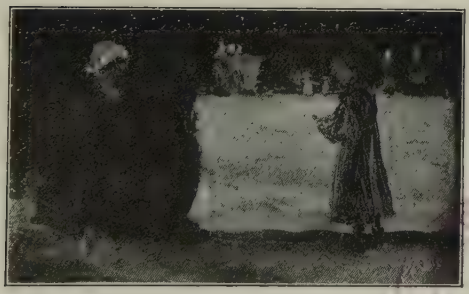

Versalles

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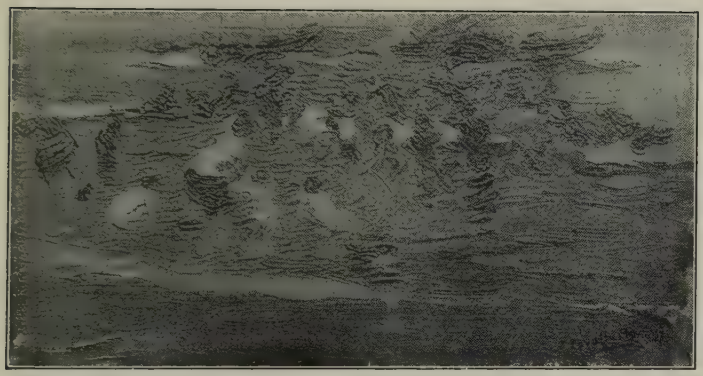
cle to keep out the light and the dust. We lumber through many a Spanish village with its white-washed walls, gay doors and windows, dominating church, staring faces. What strikes one as very curious is to find electric lights in most of these villages that are absolutely without other evidence of modern civilization. Ahead of one in the plain looms Mongo, a mountain of naked rock. For it, the road makes a vast detour, and at the crest of a little hill we look at last upon Jávea.

An Arab town, is your first thought. In a confused mass of white-walled houses, half-revealed rose gardens and beaten, unpaved roads, the town creeps down to its beach. The violet of the bay is held at the sides by the splendor of two great capes, San Antonio and Nao. Their walls of rock sweep far out into the sea and form the most eastern projection of Spain in the Mediterranean. Blocked from north and south by these sentinels, backed by Mongo, the town sleeps as though lulled by its hushing sea, by the sighing cypresses about its well-trodden calvary. The town has no hotel; Baedeker is unknown. A slattern woman, at one wretched place, after prodigious scurrying about by her husband to buy provisions, serves you two fried eggs, a piece of cold fish, and some black olives.

A walk through the town will take you past some of the great raisin warehouses. Inside, in the semi-gloom, hundreds of women are stemming raisins for shipment to England. As they work, they sing in honor of the Virgin a dragging canticle that echoes through the ancient arches of the place and out into the still afternoon air.

Life is in every way most primitive and living is very cheap. A furnished house near the quay may be rented for eleven cents a day, but beware, unless you bring an establishment of servants with you from Madrid, you may find little to eat. There is no ice, and little meat. Butter is a messy mass brought in a tin from Switzerland, or even Denmark, and served day after day in the same tin until it becomes a rancid offense. Inquiry elicits a fabled report that a certain very rich man actually has some cows on a farm far away, but that their milk is precious beyond selling, and is sent only as a gift of great price to those far gone in sickness. Goats' milk only may be had. Antonio drives the goats to your place and milks them just before your breakfast, and the milk is drunk warm before it spoils with the heat. "My milk is better than Vicente's," says the goatherd. "I know best the places in the mountain where there is grass." This he says with the air of a botanist announcing



Playa de Valencia

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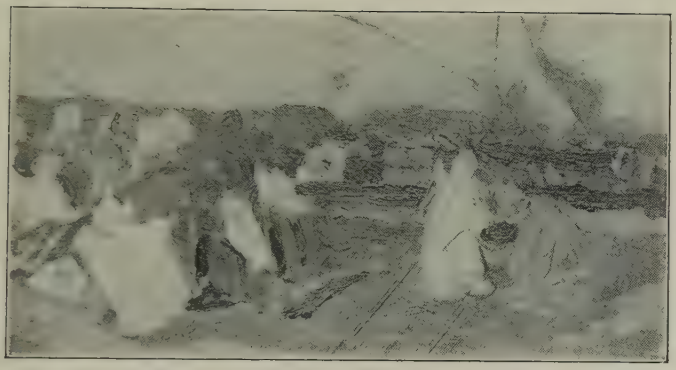

Playa de Valencia

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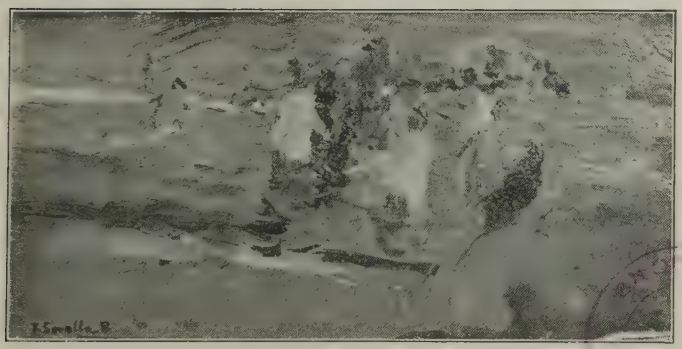

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the secret of a bed of rarest orchids. Meat is covered thick with salt, and hung in a tin pail down a well. A hapless artist who would perforce live near the sea, must throw himself on the mercy of Paquita, who may or may not be willing to cook for him in the back room of her grocery. Without butter, everything is fried or boiled with olive oil. The cooking is done out of doors over a tiny fire of twigs. The fish is delightful, so are the melons, but strange, crawly things of the sea are served, whose like you have only before seen in alcohol bottles in zoölogical museums. Occasionally, on opening a soup tureen, you find floating on the surface of the oil soup a good-sized fish, boiled, head and all. Its single visible eye stares at you glassily, and you replace the cover of the dish and turn to find what further adventure dinner may bring you.

Jávea is the ideal place for a painter. There are no newspapers, no letters, no engagements. One paints from dawn to dusk. It is the huge, tawny rocks of the place under the pitiless and searching illumination of the sun of Alicante that supply the characteristic paintable note of the place. Here Sorolla has shown us wonderful studies of the children of the port at play, as in the remarkable study of the boy hunting mussels. These happy little savages play about all

day in a freedom undisturbed by problems of primary education. "Is there a river between New York and England?" asked a sixteen-year-old girl, at Jávea, "or is London separated from England only by mountains?" It was in the limpid waters of this port that Sorolla undertook the solution of a problem of the swirl of sun-pierced water about a human figure. Of this subject he made several preliminary studies, and then in four afternoons of brisk work produced his large canvas. The composition for this picture was scrawled on the side of his house in charcoal while servants were busy stretching the big canvas for the work. The picture was painted, of course, directly from nature, the stretcher being tied with ropes to some posts which had been arranged temporarily on a ledge of rock, first chiseled smooth for the purpose. Six urchins served in relays as models, three swimming round and round for the painter, while three rested and warmed themselves in the sun. Of his own family bathing among the rocks of Jávea he has shown us some delightful pictures, that reflect all the gaiety, radiant happiness, and intimacy of the scene. Plunging about in the swinging sea and clear waters of these secret glens, with the laughter of the Sorolla children echoing back from the rocks about, it seems impossible to believe

Patio del Cabañal

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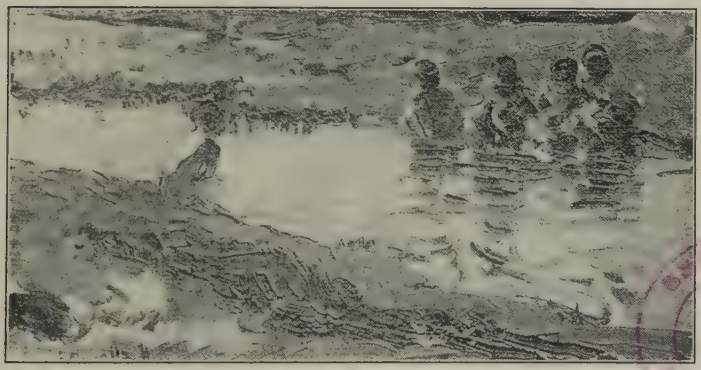

En el río

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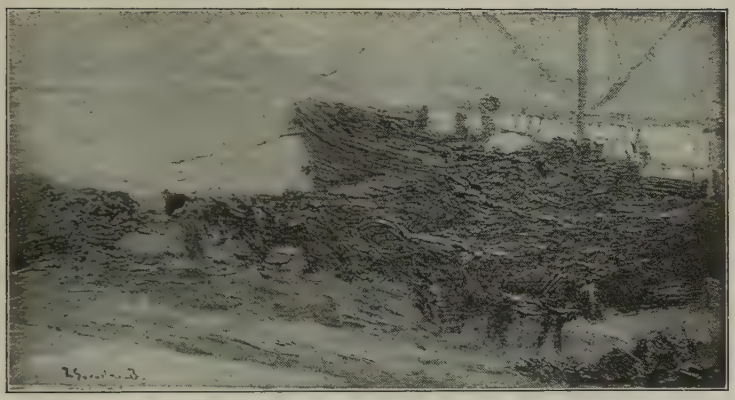

Puerto de Valencia

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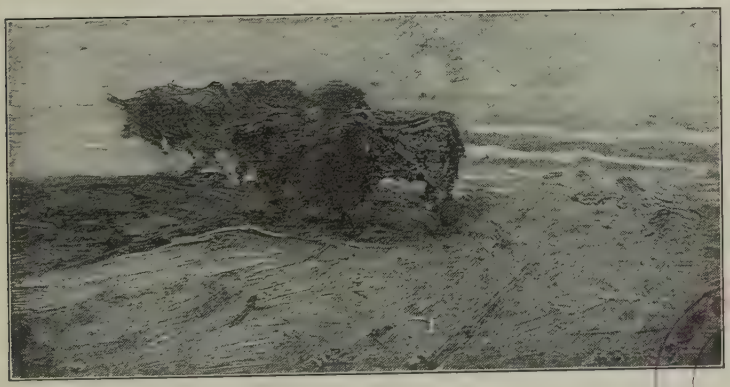

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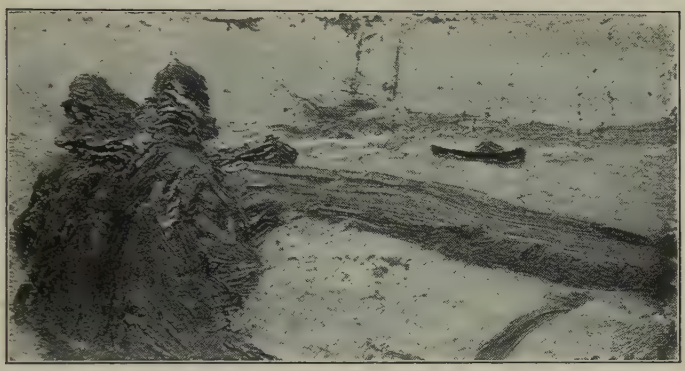
that there is anything in the world but youth and laughter and success. The colors at Jávea are almost unbelievable. Above, a cloudless sky of violet-blue is broken by the mounting yellow walls of Cabo San Antonio, all about the rock formations are brilliant with imbedded stones of every hue, while every swirl of the water discovers a wealth of color in the swinging, growing plants that find their home in the sea.

"I can't paint that," "I can't paint that," Sorolla often says of these incidents at Jávea. "Everybody would only say it was made up in the studio." And then he adds, "As far as outdoor work is concerned, a studio is only a garage; a place in which to store pictures and repair them, never a place in which to paint them."

Spain's eastern coast has not always held the attention of the artist. In his earlier manner he has given us some canvases full of the quiet charm of Asturias and Galicia, with their English-like landscape of sloping hillside and opulent trees. The somber hills and mountains near Segovia have given him their quota of subjects and the quiet restraint of the pictures form a sharp contrast to the opulent blaze of the greater part of his work. One summer at least found him at worldly Biarritz, for which as a whole he had little sympathy. Painting with the charm with which

he always depicts his children, he shows us his household on an afternoon walk upon the cliffs near the lighthouse. The work has all the idle accident, the informality, the ease and intimacy of the scene itself. A lady amusing herself with amateur photography has supplied him with a brilliant opportunity for sunlight painting, as well as has an extraordinary study of his daughter María against the chaos of a sunlit sea.

Two of the great historic cities of Spain have also been revealed by his brush, Toledo and Sevilla. Toledo was visited during the winter and the studies made there lack the fierce edge of sun that the summer traveler associates with this town. For poetic charm, for the amazing sincerity of his style, these studies are unsurpassed. It seems unbelievable that results so subtile, so exquisite could be obtained with brush-marks so few and so broad. He has seized at once the atmosphere of blood and grimness and death, of splendor, parade, and decay that characterize this place and crystallized them in such a study, for example, as that of the Puente de Alcántara, with its suggestion of the sluggish Tagus below, its hint of frowning walls above. One of the most picturesque bridges of Toledo is the old fortified bridge of San Martín, with its entrances commanded by two great



Puerto de Valencia

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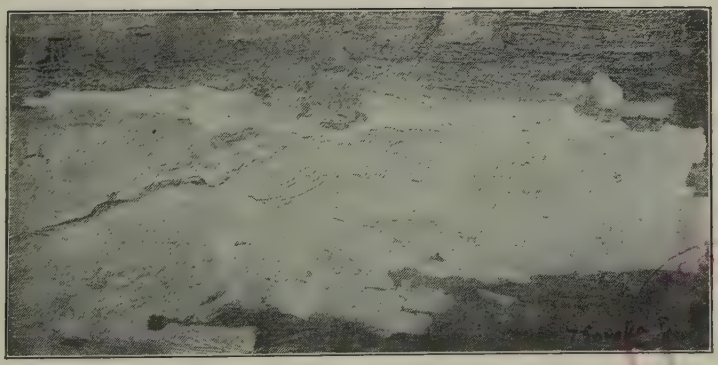

Playa de Valencia

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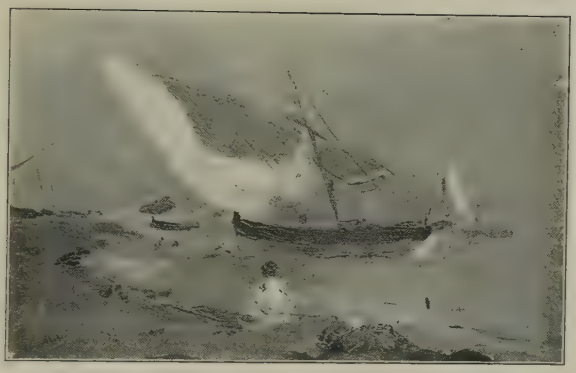

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Playa de Valencia

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stone towers. The ravine of the Tagus here reaches a considerable depth, and from the bridge a splendid view offers of the sun-scarred country about. Sorolla has shown us with unrivaled skill the tumble-down ruin of San Servando, on its deserted hillside, and has taken us into the house in which the mystic Greco dreamed and painted, and in which he died.

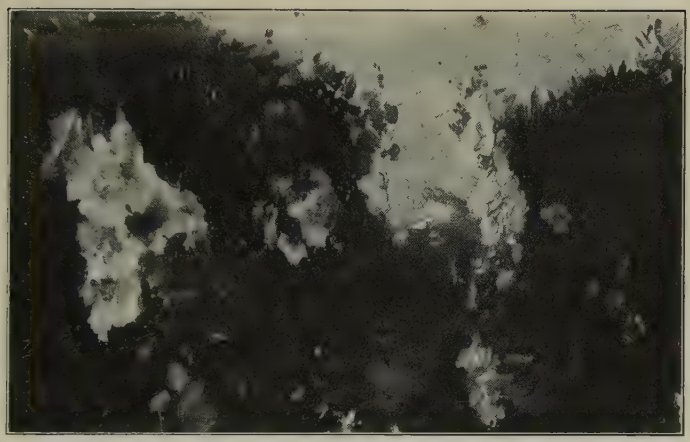
Twice he has painted within royal precincts, first at Sevilla, where he was commanded to paint portraits of the Queen and the heir to the throne. Here he painted a jewel-like series of pictures of the Alcázar or old Moorish palace. This series is the most decorative of all his productions. Sorolla's joy in the pleasant things of life is shown clearly in his love of gardens, and of these subjects alone he has painted enough pictures to have equaled the lifework of another artist. His pictures of these opulent oriental courts, with their roses and orange trees, their fervid color, their heat, will carry many of us back in memory to holidays spent in that most marvelous, most beautiful of Spanish cities, Sevilla. The man's preëminence in outdoor work, the unrivaled prismatic splendor of his color, can best be judged by comparing this series of studies with results which other artists have obtained in this most painted of palaces.

In contrast to the oriental color and quality of

these Moorish courts, we turn to the mournful pomp of La Granja, with the desolate splendor of that eighteenth-century garden built by a homesick Frenchman in memory of Versailles. Few of Sorolla's canvases have greater feeling than these renderings of haunted garden, of dilapidated fountain. How admirable is his drawing of this rippling water. It shows the same careful observation, the same search for anatomy that we find he devotes to the telling of the turn of an arm, the curve of a shoulder. And at La Granja he has given us one unforgetable picture of little children at their bath in the trout stream that flows by the palace grounds.

It would be fitting to close our series of pictures, this evening, with the last work the artist painted before coming to America, a superb decorative canvas, showing his two daughters dressed in the Valencian costume of 1808, and on horseback. It was painted, as are all his works, directly from nature, the two girls being mounted on a horse held by a servant, in the garden of their Madrid house.

Sorolla is but forty-six years old. He is in the height of his power, the height of his success. In his sane and illuminating art there is no trace of decadence, of weakening, or of carelessness. Success has brought the man nothing of pose or of relaxation.



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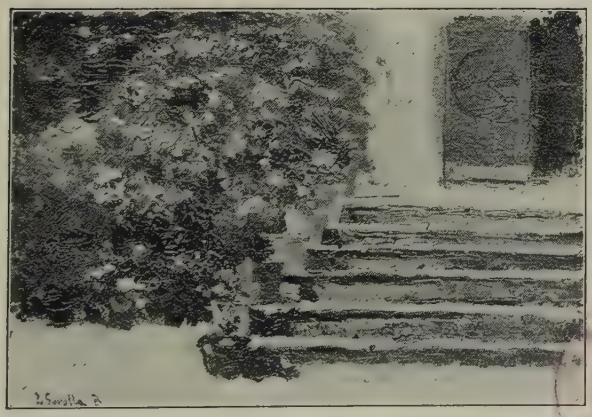
Malvas reales



Los geranios

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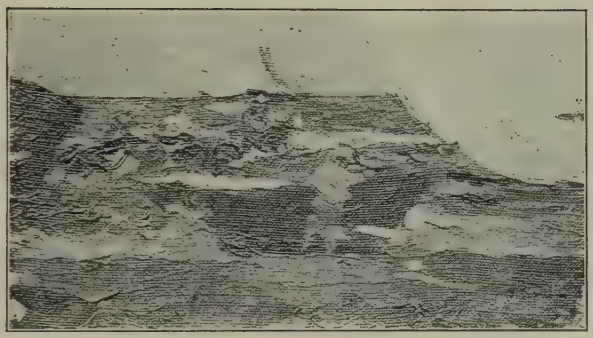
Altar de San Vicente, Valencia

Feverish energy, tremendous health, great keenness of mind, all these are still his great endowments. For him the star of ambition shines fiercely, dimming all else on his horizon: he is endowed with that consuming creative passion characteristic of genius. The future is his.

I know of no more fitting way to close my remarks on this great painter, this evening, than by quoting in his regard the beautiful legend engraved on the medal of the Hispanic Society of America, to whose public spirit and enlightenment the American people and Sorolla owe so much.

"Blessed are those whom genius has inspired. They are like stars. They rise and set. They have the worship of the world, but no repose."



Playa de Valencia

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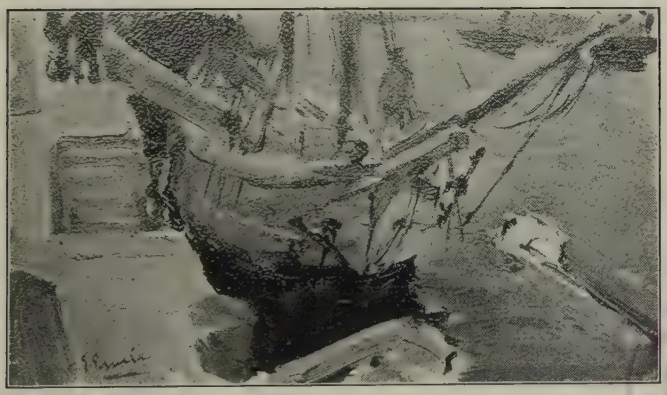

Puerto de Avilés

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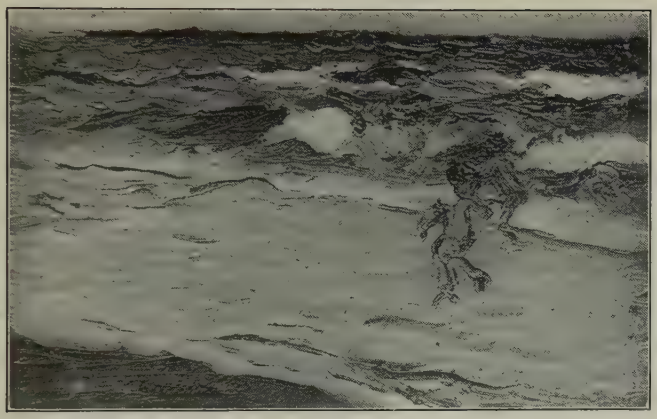
Playa de Valencia

APPRECIATIONS OF THE PRESS

Playa de Valencia



Playa de Valencia

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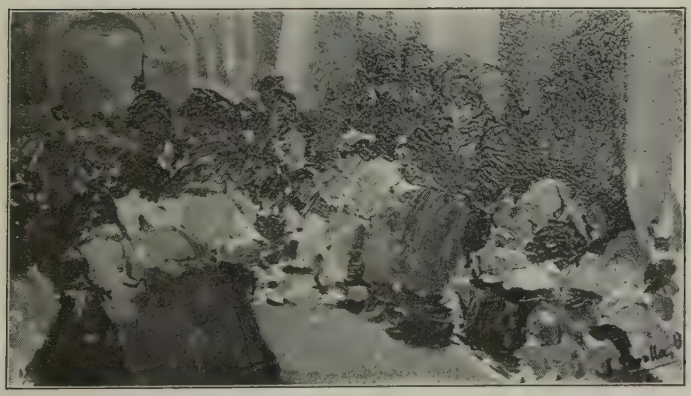

Mercado de León

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APPRECIATIONS OF THE PRESS[1]

(*The Evening Post,* February 4, 1909.)

SOROLLA Y BASTIDA EXHIBIT

To the Editor of The Evening Post:

Sir: May I add a few words to the announcement made in your issue of last Saturday of the approaching exhibition of the paintings by Señor Sorolla y Bastida, at the Spanish Museum? In 1906 a similar exhibition of some 400 canvases electrified Paris. It was my privilege to see it more than once, and the uplifting impression then received was never to be forgotten.

Sorolla is a past master of everything that is joyous in art. His color is brilliant and sane, his technic virile and sure, and his versatility amazing. He covers, with almost equal touch, the whole field of easel art—portraits, landscapes, delightful studies of child-life out of doors, and noble animal studies, the latter being the subject of the large canvas owned by the Luxembourg, of oxen towing a boat ashore.

[1] The following are only a few chosen from many, of which others would doubtless equally invite reproduction.

Sorolla is a man in middle life who has trodden the road to fame very modestly, but surely. With the exception of Goya, who revolutionized modern art, and to whom he owes much, Sorolla y Bastida stands in the estimate of many next to Velázquez in the list of Spanish masters.

J. G. Mottet.

(*The Evening Post,* February 4, 1909.)

If the New York public does not take advantage of the exhibition of Sorolla y Bastida's pictures at the Hispanic-American Museum, it will gain a well deserved reputation for having no love for really great art. The exhibition is the most important we have had for many a long day. For two months men have been at work gutting the museum of its Spanish treasures to provide room for the pictures which now occupy the alcoves on the floor of the hall and the walls of the gallery above. An immense amount of artificial light has been provided, and by some it was thought that the electric lights gave the sun-lit paintings a fictitious brilliancy. But it was our privilege to see some of the Valencia beach scenes without the

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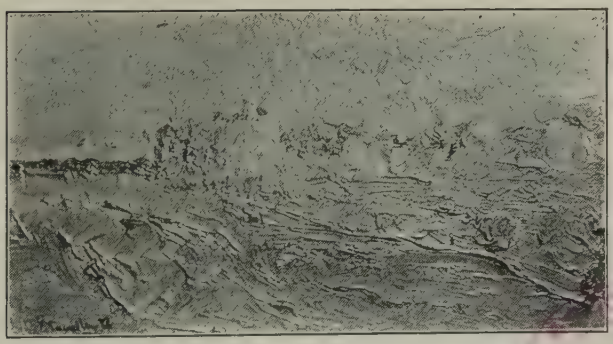

Playa de Valencia

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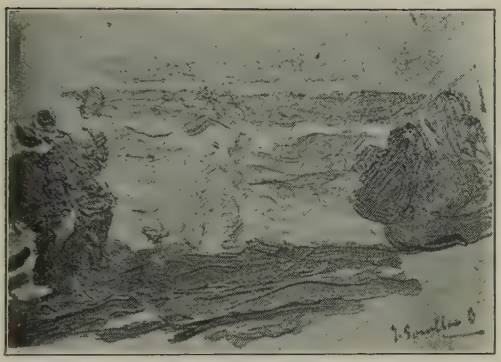

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Playa de Valencia

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aid of artificial light, and they did not lose one iota of their brilliant tone. One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street sounds very like the other end of the world, but it takes less than half an hour by a Broadway express on the subway from Forty-second Street to One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Street.

A FEW words about Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida. He is a modest little fellow, who talks no English and not much French. He will enter his forty-seventh year the end of this month. He was born in Valencia, was left an orphan when he was two years old, both parents being carried off by cholera, and was adopted by an aunt, the wife of a locksmith. At school he spent much of his time making drawings in his copy-books, and was actually encouraged by the master. As he made no progress in his lessons, his uncle took him away from school and placed him in his workshop, but allowed him to attend drawing classes, and, at the age of fifteen, he was permitted to devote himself entirely to art. He became a student at the academy at Valencia, and almost immediately won the prize for coloring, drawing from the model, and perspective. A gentleman named García, whose daughter Sorolla afterward married, became interested in the youth, and enabled him to remain for

several years at the academy. When he first exhibited at Madrid his pictures attracted no attention until he showed "The Second of May," a scene of the Spanish War of Independence, which contained the striking innovation of having been painted in the open air. Sorolla won a scholarship which took him to Rome; thence he went to Paris, where the works of Menzel and Bastien-Lepage opened his eyes to the revolution that was going on in art. It was "The Fishing Boat's Return," exhibited at the Salon in Paris and purchased by the Luxembourg, that first gave Sorolla a world-wide fame. The "Beaching of the Boat" (318), in the exhibition at the Hispanic-American Museum, repeats the same motive on a larger scale. The walls of the museum tell the rest of his artistic career.

(From the *New York Herald*, February 5, 1909.)

MR. SOROLLA'S ART SHOWN IN ARRAY OF 356 CANVASES

SPANISH PAINTER OPENS EXHIBITION IN MUSEUM OF HISPANIC SOCIETY—A MASTER OF METHODS

PAINTINGS by Mr. Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida, a leader in art in Spain, were placed on exhibition

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Huerta de Valencia

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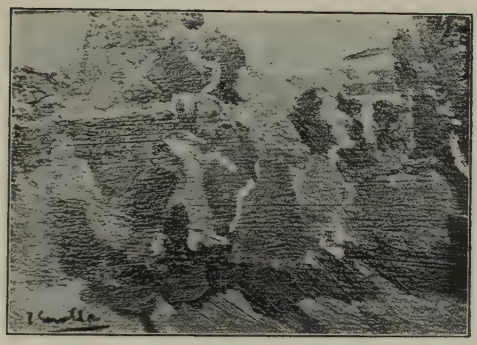

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yesterday in the museum of the Hispanic Society, at Broadway and 156th Street.

Here is a "one man show," of almost huge dimensions, for Mr. Sorolla displays 356 canvases, eighteen more than could be hung in the space available for the last exhibition of the National Academy of Design. The museum is not quite adapted for the showing of so large a collection, but skilful use of artificial light has adequately answered the purpose of the exhibition, which is to give to New York an idea of the art of one of Spain's greatest painters.

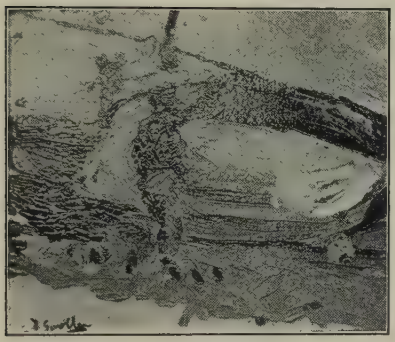
Mr. Sorolla is no faddist; he does not proclaim himself as the head of any school. He goes his own way into the realm of a cheerful realism. To tell in detail of the pictures which hang upon the dark walls of the museum would be like reviewing an exhibition of the works of many artists, all painting with consummate skill yet with variations of style. Here Mr. Sorolla wields his brush broadly, and there with smoothness. He covers this canvas thick with paint and again leaves the texture of it scarcely concealed. Here he tends toward French impressionism; there he paints with the exactitude of the early English portrait-painters. The dominant note of the exhibition is sincerity and earnestness.

Everything in this world seems to appeal to Mr.

Sorolla. He limns king and peasant, youth and age, health and faltering disease, the palace and the raisin shed, the gardens where pleasant fountains flow and the barren dust heap. In all that he does he is a master.

Six portraits of members of the royal family of Spain are in the collection. King Alfonso is shown in the brilliant uniform of the hussars and again in the garb of the artillery. There is a charming likeness of the young Queen and nestling in his crib with only his small red face revealed is the heir to the Spanish throne, the young Prince of the Asturias. There are also portraits of the Infanta of Spain and Princess Henry of Battenberg.

For the remainder of the exhibition it may be said that its subject is all humanity. Although the art of Mr. Sorolla is that which conceals art, his wonderful technic triumphs in a greater degree when he paints children swimming or playing in the surf or along the beaches. There are several canvases which depict nude youngsters swimming, and so naturally are the tints and the texture of the flesh represented and all the values of greenish water given that the effect is as though one were actually looking from a window upon a coast where children were at natatorial play.



Playa de Valencia

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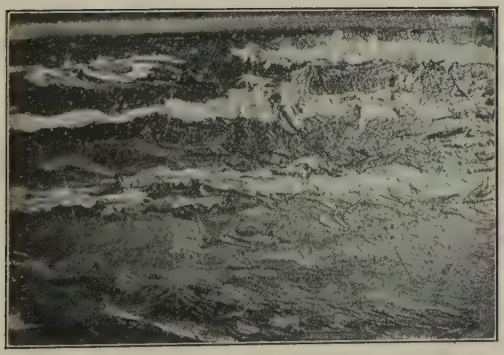

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In the "Old Castilian" Mr. Sorolla appears as a genius in genre, while in "The Sad Inheritance," a painting lent by the Church of the Ascension, he sounds the depths of pathos. Taken all in all his art lives in the sunshine even when it is sad.

Among the canvases especially distinguished by the grace and beauty of their subjects is "In the Gardens of La Granja."

(*The New York Times,* February 5, 1909.)

Sorolla y Bastida, whose works are to be seen at a private view this week, and are to be on public exhibition at the Hispanic Museum, 156th Street, west of Broadway, from February 8th until March 8th, is one of the most important of the followers of the great artists of ancient Spain, and the opportunity to enjoy his pictures in this country is one more of those happily increasing opportunities which not only broaden international sympathies but stimulate the love of art among our own people.

Señor Sorolla was born at Valencia, in Spain, in 1863, and began seriously to study art at the age of fifteen. He studied at the academy of his birthplace for several years, and won a scholarship which en-

titled him to a period of study in Italy. He visited Paris also, where he was profoundly impressed by two exhibitions in the French capital at the time—one of the work of Bastien-Lepage and the other of the work of the German, Menzel. In Italy he copied the old Italian masters and in Madrid he copied Velázquez and Ribera, all of which work went to the strengthening of his technical capacity without interfering with his personal message.

His personal message is a national one as well. His work has the stamp of his race. He is nearer to Goya than to Velázquez, but is wholly without Goya's cruelty of temper and brutality of vision. His Spain is a pleasant country, populated by kindly, intelligent people, and he depicts both the country and the people with a genial warmth of sympathy and an appreciation of the gayer side of life that is at once stimulating and soothing.

His portraits are grave or brilliant in treatment as the subject demands, but are invariably spontaneous and filled with the spirit of life. Among them are many personages interesting for the place they occupy in the Spanish world as well as for their interpretation by the painter. There are six portraits of members of the royal family—two of Alfonso XIII, that in the uniform of artillery having a look of the Phil-

Asturias

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Mujeres jugando

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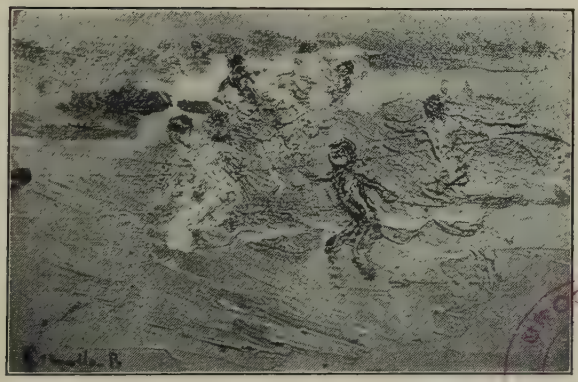

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ips in Velázquez's patient record of royalty; one of the Queen of Spain, one of the Princess Henry of Battenberg, and one of the Infanta. And there is a bewitching portrait of the baby Prince of the Asturias. There is also the Señor D. Raimundo de Madrazo, an eminent portrait-painter, and there is the Señor D. Alejandro Pidal y Mon, a statesman and man of letters, who looks his great distinction and who in addition to his accomplishments is noted as the possessor of the unique manuscript of the poem of the Cid. There are Señor Menéndez y Pelayo, the most eminent living scholar in Spain, and Señor de Beruete, whose work on Velázquez is the supreme authority; also the Marques de la Vega-Ynclan, who is head of the royal stables and who has founded a museum of El Greco at Madrid, and other personages not less important.

Discussion of the paintings, which number more than three hundred and fifty, must be deferred to a later notice. The exhibition is too vital an introduction to the modern art of Spain to be summed up in a few words or in one impression.

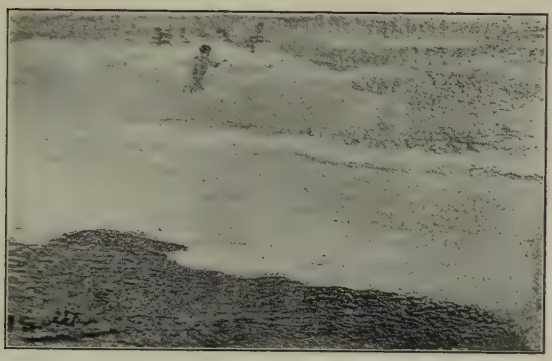
(*The Evening Post,* February 5, 1909.)

SPAIN'S GREAT PAINTER

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

THE New York public will owe a deep debt of gratitude to The Hispanic Society for giving it an opportunity of seeing the paintings of a Spanish artist, Sorolla y Bastida of Valencia, whose work has in the last few years created much enthusiasm in the art world of Europe. The exhibition, now on private view in the building of the Hispanic Society of America, on One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street, west of Broadway, will be open to the public, free of charge, on Monday next, and will remain open until March 8th, Sundays included, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 9 P. M. No one who appreciates great painting should miss seeing the exhibition, for Sorolla is a very great painter; not one of his brother artists, not one amateur of art, who has seen his work, but ranks him among the greatest painters of the day.

Sorolla is preëminently a realist and an open-air painter. His first important work, "The Second of May," painted in 1884, representing the resistance of the people of Madrid to the French in the War of In-



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dependence of 1808, struck a new note. It was painted in the open air.

"I hate darkness," he will tell you. "Claude Monet once said that painting in general did not have light enough in it. I agree with him. We painters, however, can never reproduce sunlight as it really is. I can only approach the truth of it." And again, "I do not care to paint portraits indoors. I cannot feel sympathetic."

There are in the exhibition 350 paintings and sketches—"notes of color," as Sorolla calls them. To deal with all, in our limited space, would be an impossibility. Let us speak, then, of a few of those open-air pictures into which the painter's sympathy enters, that sympathy which can even make an ugly subject beautiful; where, with a swift and unerring hand and a brush full of brilliant color, he sweeps in the actuality of life—almost without exception, the joyousness of life—and in his sweep produces marvelous modeling.

Sorolla probably learned much from the early impressionists, but, unlike the modern school, he never betrays his technic; his work appears spontaneous. We spoke of his unerring hand. It is said, and we have the authority of an artist who has painted side by side with him, that Sorolla never makes a correc-

tion—to use that artist's own expression, "he paints with the hand of God." At any rate, however he paints, he gives one the impression of dashing in with extraordinary rapidity what he was actually seeing, without having studied the scene, and to all that he lends remarkable quality.

Take, for instance, "Alegría del Agua" ("Water Joy"). It is a scene on the beach at Valencia; naked boys are galloping into the sea, and two girls, wearing light bathing-suits, are trotting toward the water; in the distance are fishing-boats scudding with their sails full. Boys and girls and boats are full of action, and the drawing of the figures is quite extraordinary. In another picture, "Corriendo por la Playa" ("Running Along the Beach"), the movement of the two girls and a boy is even still more remarkable. Note, too, how the hands, which, at a short distance, appear to be so carefully modeled, are dashed in with bright orange paint; note, too, with what a few strokes the perfect modeling of the boy who is in the water in the distance is done. This is rather an exception, for, as a rule, Sorolla only suggests the distant figures. The grandeur of the color in these two cases, as in the rest of the pictures we are about to describe, must be taken for granted; it would be an idle repetition to mention it.

Original sketch for No. 350

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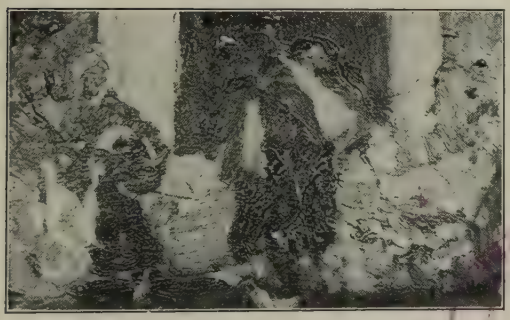

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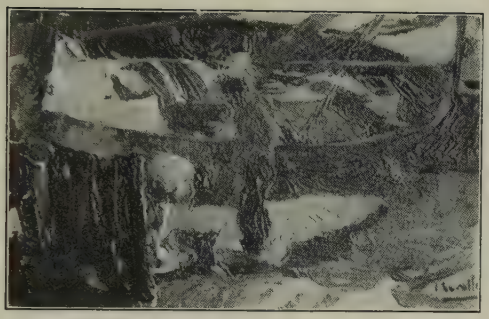
But talking of modeling, there is no picture in the exhibition where one can study better how Sorolla makes a perfect drawing by means of a strong line than in the one that shows a peasant woman bearing her naked grandchild, and there is no doubt she is moving to the sea. The baby's beautiful little head leans against its grandmother's neck, while the right arm clings to the old woman's left fore-shoulder. The grandmother wears a dark blue blouse, a pale blue dress, and a mauve apron. The extraordinary drawing of that baby's right arm is done by two sharp strokes of dark blue on the woman's blouse, one above the arm, the other below. The modeling of the baby's back, too, is perfect. There is not an artificial stroke in the whole painting. It is pure color throughout and all the modeling is made by the play of color.

Study, too, the modeling of the baby boy in "Al Baño" ("At the Bath"), who toddles hands in hands between his big and little sister. With what simple methods are the muscles worked in; notice the careless stride of the elder girl; the tender solicitude of the younger, and the skill displayed in the drawing of her hand and that of the baby which she holds. Again in the picture numbered 303, a boy and girl on their way to the water, what modeling in the boy,

what a play of sunshine in the whole picture. But as a *tour de force* in the play of sunlight the "Después del Baño" ("After the Bath") is startling and almost makes one doubt Sorolla's word that he can only approach the truth of it. It represents a laughing girl buttoning the shoulder of her wet bathing dress. A boy holds up a white sheet to cover her with through which one sees the color of his naked limbs. If that is not true sunlight which falls upon the sheet, hits the girl's arm, and gives a dash of turquoise blue to one of her feet, it is a very close imitation. But we could go on for pages describing the beauty of these beach scenes; the composition of "Morning on the Beach at Valencia," the group on the shore, the bathing boys, and the boats with their bellying sails; the extraordinary modeling of the boy crabbing, of the young girl in "El Baño, Jávea" (98), and the sparkle of the water into which she is about to dive, and the color of "Salida del Baño" ("Coming Out of the Bath").

There is one picture that strikes a deeper note than these—the one sad picture of the whole exhibition. It is called "Triste Herencia" ("The Sad Inheritance"), and belongs to John E. Berwind. It hung in the Sunday-school room of the Church of the Ascension, on Fifth Avenue; yet few knew that New



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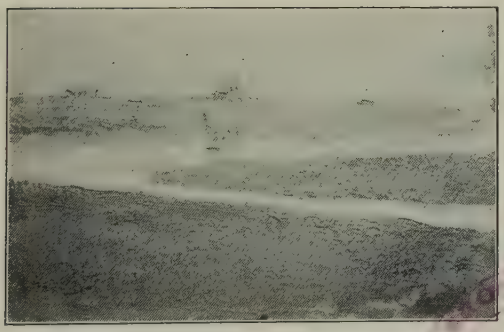

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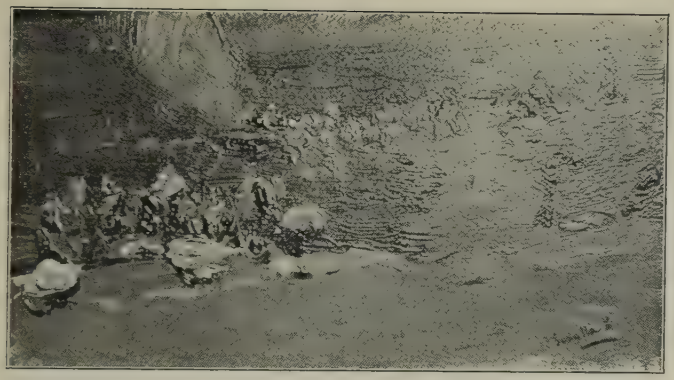

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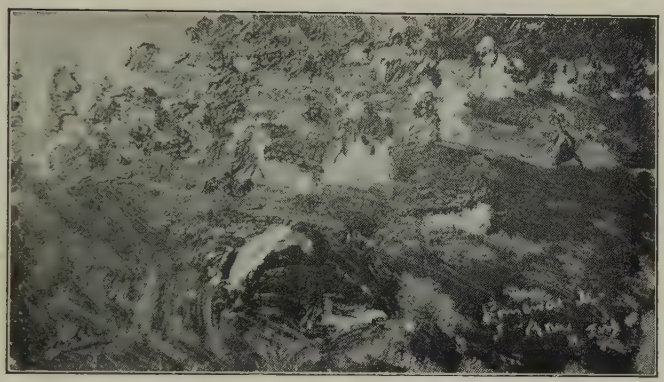
York possessed this masterpiece. The "sad inheritance" has come to a number of crippled or imbecile boys who are being watched over by a priest as they take their bath on the beach at Valencia that has lost all the gladsomeness of Sorolla's other beach pieces. Here again the artist displays his marvelous powers of draftsmanship. There is a boy in the right-hand corner of the picture shading his eyes from the sun, the modeling of whose figure, simply indicated by the shadow on his stomach, is quite extraordinary, and that of other boys on crutches is no less remarkable.

The largest canvas in the exhibition, "Oxen Ready to Beach Fishing-Boats," is so full of brilliant drawing and painting that if we once started to describe them we should not know where to stop,—what with the modeling of the great bellying sail, of the oxen, and especially of their hind quarters, the quality of the sea and the action of the figures; and the same virtues are to be found in 316, one of the many "Playa de Valencia"; and in the "Return from Fishing" (102).

When we come to Sorolla as a portrait-painter, especially when he is painting royalties and grandees, we find him less great. The sun-lighted pieces may have bewildered us. He appears to be very rarely in

sympathy with his model. And, as we have said before, he dislikes painting indoors. One of the two portraits of the King of Spain, that in which he wears a hussar uniform, is an outdoor picture, with the sun playing on his Majesty's features, but it is no longer the sun that shone on the beach at Valencia. Another outdoor portrait, that of Madrazo, the painter, is more satisfactory, but still we do not recognize in it the Sorolla we have been wandering with along "The Playa." We find him again, however, in "María at La Granja," dressed in white and delightfully simple, and, if it is not exactly the real Sorolla, we detect a fine portrait-painter in a picture of Señora Sorolla promenading in a garden where some masterly work in black and white is shown. The picture of the young Queen of Spain in white satin, wearing an ermine cloak, ropes of pearls, a small crown, and pearl and diamond ornaments, and with a deep crimson background, is hard. The little picture of the baby Prince of the Asturias is charming, but still not Sorolla, and the same may be said of an excellent likeness of the Queen's mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg, dressed in black and wearing many diamonds. But we come across the great master of color again in certain landscapes in "The Yellow Tree, La Granja," in "The Seven Peaks," and in the



Asturias

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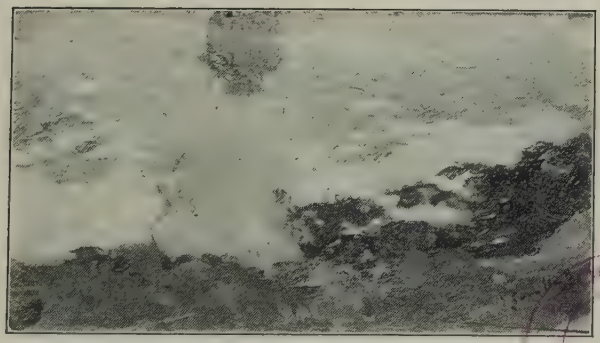

Jávea

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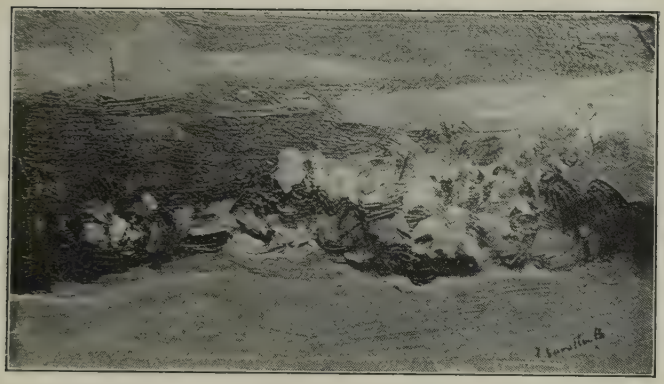

Asturias

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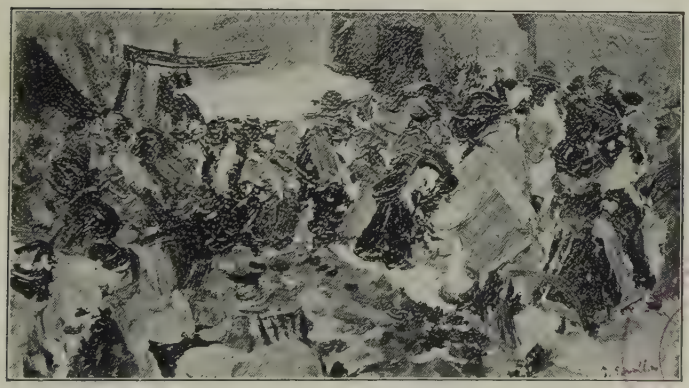

León

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tones of yellow in the "Walls of Segovia," and in "The Clamores."

Before closing this criticism, it is only fair to say that there was exhibited in Paris the portrait of a mounted general, which was generally conceded to prove Sorolla a worthy successor as a portrait-painter of Velázquez and Goya.

(From the *New York Herald,* February 7, 1909.)

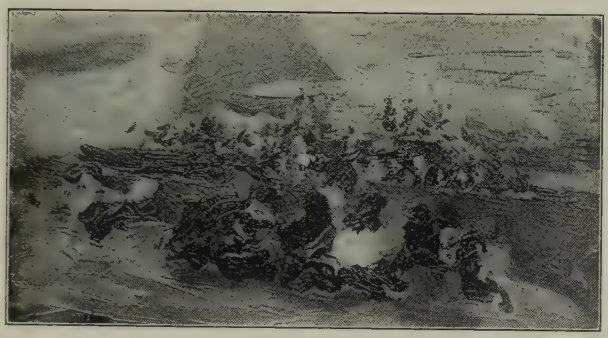
American receptiveness to art has been shown in various ways this season. At present, with the second biennial exhibition in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, recently closed, the annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, in progress, and the National Academy of Design, which already has held its winter exhibition, preparing to hold its regular annual show, opportunity also is offered to view two exhibitions of foreign art. These are the contemporary German art show in the Metropolitan Museum and the exhibition of work by a noted Spanish artist, Mr. Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida, in the Hispano-American Museum, in 156th Street, west of Broadway.

That peace hath its victories no less than war is illustrated in the fact that Spain since its disastrous

conflict with America has begun a new conquest in art. The influence of contemporary Spanish art is making itself felt more strongly, and that one of the leaders in this art should be invited to America to exhibit is in itself significant.

Under the title "A Great Spanish Artist" Mr. Charles M. Kurtz some time ago contributed to "Scribner's Magazine" what still remains one of the most comprehensive articles on Mr. Sorolla's work written by an American. The St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts owns this Spanish painter's picture, "Another Marguerite," and this, as well as many other examples of Mr. Sorolla's work, may be seen reproduced in Mr. Kurtz's essay. "Another Marguerite" is tragic in subject. In execution it emphasizes the pathos rather than the dramatic possibilities of the theme and is sad and somber. But his subjects are most varied and often full of life and gaiety. Some passages in Mr. Kurtz's article, quoted at the time, but especially significant now, are for this reason worth calling attention to again.

"No other living painter," says Mr. Kurtz, "surpasses Sorolla in his representations of light and atmosphere. He is especially fond of out-door subjects—views along the coast, fisher people, boatmen, boats with sails filled by the breeze, women with



Asturias

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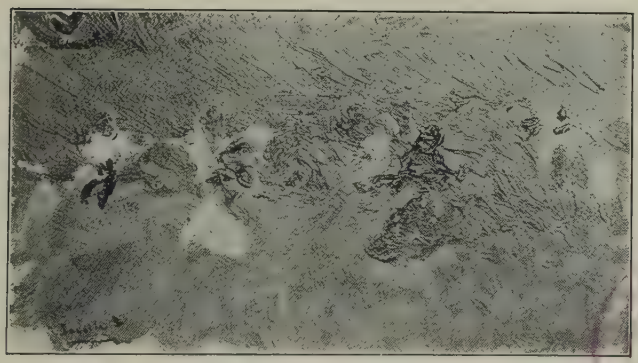

Asturias

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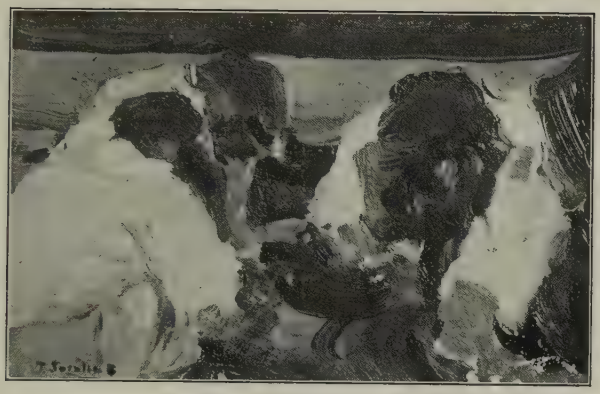

Playa de Valencia

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skirts blown by the wind, naked children playing in the surf, sturdy oxen with ropes attached pulling up boats on the sands. In his genre pictures he studies mostly the common people and paints them to the life. Indeed, all his work is instinct with vitality. He seems to imbibe something of the essence of whatever he studies and to involve it in his representations. No other painter seems to cover such tremendous range of subjects or to show such variety in his technic."

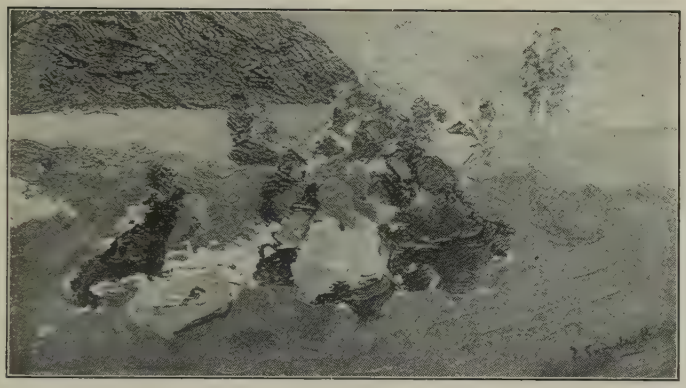
(*The Nation,* February 11, 1909.)

SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

Preceded by a heightening fame in Europe, which was accentuated by the success of exhibits of his paintings in both Paris and London, the Spanish artist, Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida, is now to be seen in New York. More than 350 of his pictures and sketches are on view at the Museum of the Hispanic Society of America, where they will remain till March 8th. It is a collection extraordinary for range and brilliancy. To have produced at forty-six so great a body of mature work indicates uncommon fertility; to have attained such striking results argues

genius. Sorolla's method is that of a modified impressionism, but such a seeing eye as his must be, such a rapid and sure technic, would have made him a great artist under almost any method. His painting seems absolutely direct. Critics are putting microscopes upon Velázquez's canvas, to see if they can discover anything like niggling under the broad free sweep of his brush, but it would occur to no one to apply such a test to Sorolla. His stroke is obviously as unwavering as that of a piston, the pure color being laid on in one jet. There is no fussing; all is immediate, the drawing, the modeling, being got by the swift use of the final color. He is called a triumph of the "new" school, but such great gifts as his would have glorified any school.

If definitions must be sought, Sorolla is not so much an artist of the *plein air* as of the full sun. His greatest mastery lies in rendering the highest notes of the Spanish sun. Especially powerful are his paintings of sea and sand in the brightest light, with fishing boats, and oxen to draw them up, and bathers and children playing on the beach or splashing in the water or racing into the wave or emerging from the bath—all under the sun of Valencia or San Sebastián or Biarritz. Many of the paintings dealing with these favorite subjects of Sorolla are positive *tours*



Asturias

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León

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Playa de Valencia

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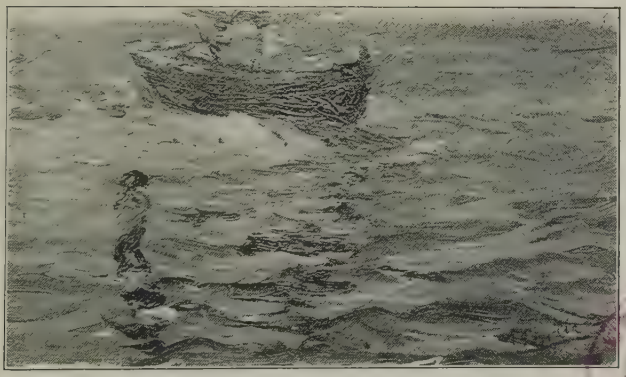

Playa de Valencia

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de force, which simply leave the gazer astounded at the artist's extraordinary talent. It seems as if he had discovered a new way of fixing instantaneously in paint not only form and color, but motion. In such a picture as "Alegría del Mar," the happy dash of the naked boys into the surf is life caught in the act, while the turned face of the youngster deepest in, with the one line of white to show where his teeth gleam in joy, is the keynote to the whole. In landscapes away from the sea, or under more somber skies, Sorolla is not always so victorious; but flood him with sunlight, and he will flood you. Even in his portraits, he seems to desire to get his sitter out into the sun. One of his best is that of a gentleman sitting in strong light among bright flowers in his garden. The full length of the King of Spain, clad in brilliant uniform, is done out under the open sky, with an effect, as one bystander remarked, as if the King had swallowed sunshine and it was oozing from him at every pore. A much more powerful rendering of Alfonso's face is the darker one painted indoors, which for its unshrinking revelation of melancholy struggling through the mask of youth, and its air of a fatal heredity adding gloom to every feature, might well have been given the name which Sorolla has applied to his large picture of crippled children on

the seashore, "Triste Herencia." The portrait of Menéndez y Pelayo, done last year, is equally masterful.

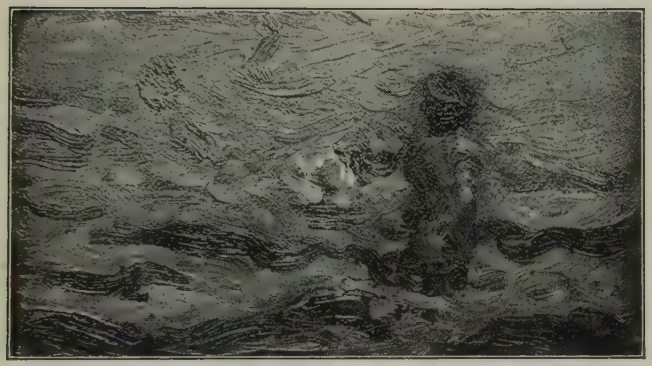
The entire exhibit is a noteworthy event in this art season. Sorolla is certain to provoke wide discussion, in which admiration will be a common ground of all disputants, whatever their differences. It is said that his pictures may be shown in Boston, and possibly in other cities. If so, one can predict a new Spanish conquest of America.

(*The New York World*, February 13, 1909.)

SOROLLA'S 300 SUNNY SPANISH PICTURES

A LOCAL TIDAL WAVE OF ENTHUSIASM OVER A GREAT IMPRESSIONIST PAINTER — SUN WORSHIP IN COLOR — THE ROMANCE-LAND OF CERVANTES IS HERE GORGEOUSLY REVEALED.

Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida, a sun-worshiping impressionist painter from the country of Velázquez, Spagnoletto, Murillo, and Goya, came to New York in foggy February with some 300 of his pictures. The expected—nay, the inevitable—has happened. In little more than a fortnight's time, what might have been in some circumstances a mere ripple of



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León

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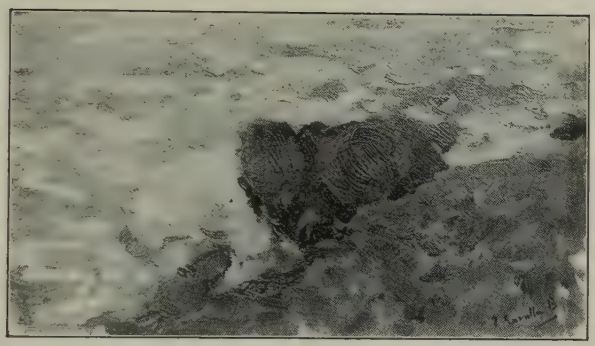

Playa de Valencia

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Asturias

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artistic interest has risen to a tidal wave of enthusiasm. And the effect bears true and just relation to the cause—for this is undoubtedly the most brilliant and stunning "one-man show" to which art-loving Manhattan has ever yet been treated.

Every day, Sundays and holidays included, rain or shine, morning and evening alike, the general public go, literally by thousands, to the new museum building of the Hispanic Society, which stands like a temple on a noble eminence overlooking the Hudson at One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street—surely the "farthest north" for picture exhibitions.

It is safe to say that more than wonted satisfaction over the city's acquisition of art treasures will be felt in the announcement that a number of the most important of Sorolla's canvases are to remain here permanently. These include the grand, Homeric "Beaching the Boats"—with the loose sails bellying in the sun and breeze, and big brown oxen at their toil amidst the swirling breakers of the joyous blue sea—and the striking group of Leonese peasants, with their gaily-caparisoned donkey; which two representative works, it is rumored, are destined for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Hispanic Society also has acquired a number of the portraits and historic landscape scenes.

As for the "Triste Herencia" ("Sad Inheritance"), the most thoughtful and outwardly somber of all Sorolla's pictures, showing a score or so of naked, weak, and crippled boys, some of them on crutches, the inmates of an asylum for the cast-off children of depraved or delinquent parents, enjoying their pathetic imitation of a happy moment in a summer sea bath, under the Christlike charge of a stalwart priest, robed in black—this eloquent sermon in paint already belongs in New York. It is owned by Mr. John E. Berwind, and, when not on public view, hangs in the Sunday-school room of the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street.

The present Sorolla exhibition in its entirety—which the artist himself says is the largest and best showing of his work ever brought together—is to remain in New York only until March 8th, when it will be followed by a similar exhibition of the paintings of another great contemporaneous Spaniard, Ignacio Zuloaga.

Entering the hall of the Hispanic Society, you instinctively shade your eyes—for you seem suddenly to be standing in the full blaze of a meridional sunlight. Right in front of you stands his young majesty, Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, in a gorgeous hussar uniform that almost requires to be looked at through smoked goggles.

Galicia

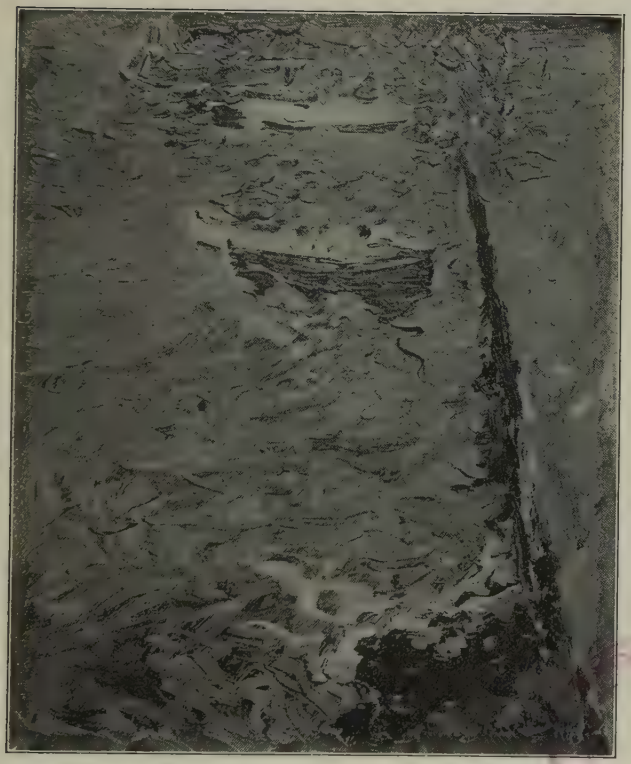
Malvarrosa

Above and all around stretches a marvelously animated panorama of his kingdom—the Spain of today—interspersed with occasional glimpses of the romance-land we read of in Cervantes, Balzac, Victor Hugo, and Prosper Mérimée. Here are portraits of royal and noble personages, hidalgos, caballeros, grandees, peasants, gipsies, soldiers, sailors, fishermen, statesmen, writers, artists, scientists, queens and Carmens, mothers and children—the latter mostly naked and sun-browned, running along the sea-beach of Valencia, or disporting themselves in clear green waters through which their bodies glimmer, a revelation of superb draftsmanship and magical, swift brushing in of color—white sails flashing on a purple sea, Moorish bridges over the storied Tagus, flowers and oranges and pomegranates gleaming amidst dark-green masses of foliage, love's young dream in pagan sunlight and on golden sands, the tender anxious joys of motherhood and babyhood, proud old beggar-ruffians in ragged cloaks drinking red wine, boat-builders, net-menders, and sail-makers on the quays or along shore, girls sorting raisins, and the scenes and occupations of orchard and grange, contrasted with the languorous luxury of aristocratic interiors. All these presentments and many more seem to have sprung spontaneously from Sorolla's eager brain and responsive master hand.

Here, in fact, is Sorolla's autobiography, vividly inscribed in paint. Nine tenths of the scenes are his native Valencia or the shores of Biarritz and San Sebastián. The charming children are his own, and the beautiful señora whom he depicts so often and so sympathetically is their mother, Doña Clotilde García, the artist's beloved wife. From the intimate quality of many of the portraits of high personages one might guess what is indeed the fact, that the friendship of rank and nobility is Sorolla's at his command, while he is still in early middle life (he was born in 1863) and in the zenith of his powers.

No more rapid, sure and vivid painter ever made a dash at the problems of light and motion and got away with them with such éclat. Sorolla is always trying, for the sake of truth and unity of impression, to paint a complete picture at a single sitting—and more often than not he has succeeded in this consummate *tour de force*. Ever since as a boyish student he painted his first academic picture in the open bull ring of Valencia he has been possessed by the passion for light and laughter and color.

Coming in, tired, the other evening—for even now, here in New York, Sorolla counts that day lost in which he does not achieve six or eight hours' work on a portrait or something—the impressionable Spaniard fairly embraced an otherwise severe and



Jávea

Biarritz

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Puerto de Jávea

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professional gentleman because he chanced to have on a bright red necktie!

It was a propitious moment for cigarettes and confidences.

"Have you considered," said Señor Sorolla to "The World" representative, "why you have such artists as Sargent, Chase, and the late Whistler? It is because the real founder of American art was that supreme impressionist master, Velázquez. The men I have named, like Constable and Turner and Courbet before them, seize greatness by that same ecstatic swiftness of execution which was the secret of Velázquez's splendid triumphs of realism. As for myself, I can assure you this lyrical impetuosity came to me as naturally as breathing or the beatings of my heart, at the earliest dawn of my sympathy with nature.

"All inspired painters are impressionists, even though it be true that some impressionists are not inspired.

"If ever painter wrought a miracle of illusion with brush and pigment that painter was Velázquez in his 'Las Meninas,' at the Prado in Madrid. Now, I have studied this picture with a lens, and what do I find? Why, that Velázquez got that marvelous atmospheric background by one broad sweep of his flowing brush, charged with thin color—so thin that you can feel the very texture of the canvas through it.

"Nature, the sun itself, produces color effects on this same principle, but instantaneously. The impression of these evanescent visions is what we make desperate attempts to catch and fix by any means at hand. At such moments I am unconscious of materials, of style, of rules, of everything that intervenes between my perception and the object or idea perceived.

"No, *mes amis,* impressionism is not charlatanry, nor a formula, nor a school. I should say rather it is the bold resolve to throw all those things overboard."

By an extraordinary coincidence, which may become historic, Sargent's wondrous water-colors, no less than eighty-six of them, have been shown at Knoedler's, simultaneously with the Sorolla exhibition—and they absolutely confirm the Spaniard's contention.

Only after contemplating and comparing these two epoch-making modern masters, if you should happen to look in upon a bunch of Barbizons at Schaus's, or even upon the French impressionists at Durand-Ruel's, you will be astonished to find how black, how positively medieval, the latter appear for the moment to your sun-dazzled eyes.

HENRY TYRRELL.

La Concha, San Sebastián

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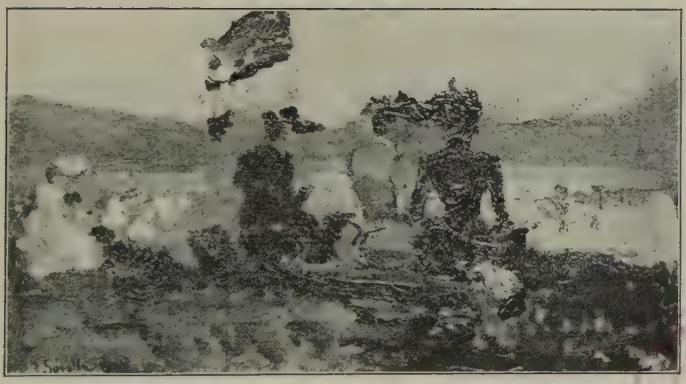

San Sebastián

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San Sebastián

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Playa de Valencia

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(*The American Art News*, February 13, 1909.)

AN ARTISTIC REVELATION

To this dull art season has suddenly come a sensation in the exhibition opened this week at the Hispanic Museum of the works of the modern Spanish master, Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida. While some few American art lovers and students of contemporary art movements in Europe have known of the amazing power, color quality, and dramatic strength of Sorolla's canvases, few even of these have seen more than some scattered examples of his work, while the American art public was not prepared for what is a virtual revelation—in this display.

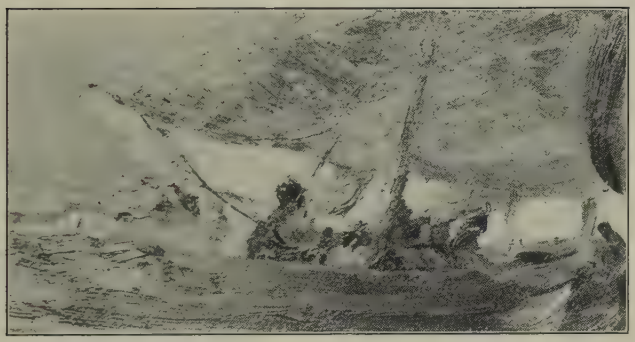
There is every evidence that the New York public, never indifferent to really great music, art, or literature, will respond enthusiastically to the Hispanic Society's splendid enterprise in presenting to it the work of so great a modern master.

It is only to be regretted that after its close here the exhibition cannot be repeated in the larger cities of the country.

(*The American Art News*, February 13, 1909.)

A SPANISH MASTER'S WORKS

To the credit of busy New York it must be said that its more cultivated element has quickly appreciated the beauty and value of the most remarkable and fascinating "one-man" exhibition of pictures ever made in this country, and has already begun to crowd during the daylight and even evening hours, the handsome and artistic museum of the Hispanic Society of America in 156th Street. This, with a prodigality of expense and great care and taste, has been so arranged in its interior—for it is really a library more than an art gallery—so as to display the works of the Spanish painter to the best advantage, with harmonious coloring of walls, and admirable arrangement of lights, both at day and evening. The exhibition, which opened on Monday last to the public, and which, after its close here on March 8th, will go to the Albright Art Gallery at Buffalo, to be succeeded by an exhibition of twenty-two selected canvases by another great contemporary Spanish painter, Ignacio Zuloaga—called the Spanish Manet—and which is now on at Buffalo, is composed of 350 numbers, of which over a hundred are small



Playa de Valencia

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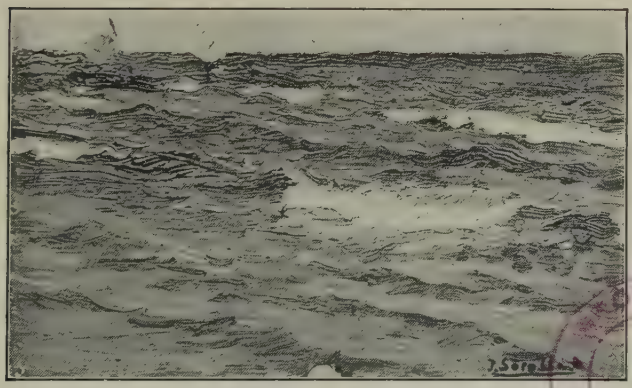

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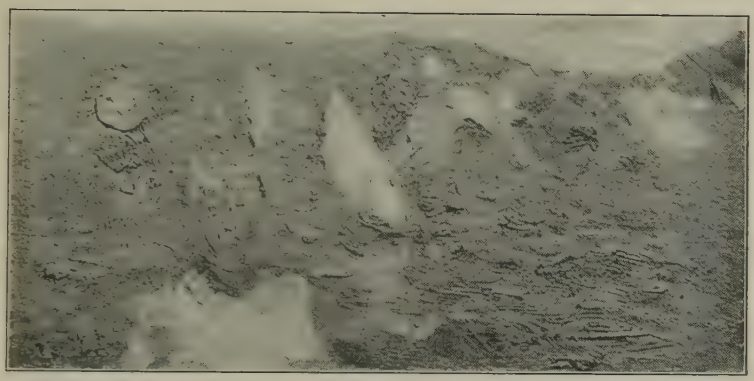

Playa de Valencia

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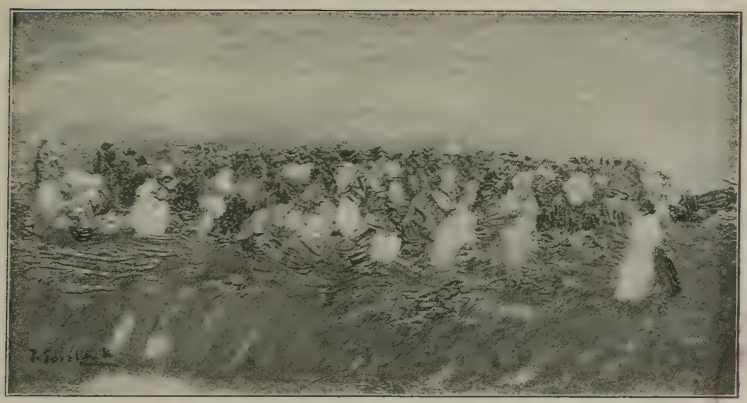

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sketches, but each and every one so characteristic, so beautiful in color, so virile and full of sunlight and air, as to call for the closest study.

PAINTER OF SUNLIGHT AND AIR

It is difficult to restrain a possible exuberance of expression, or to qualify one's admiration in attempting to describe the art of Sorolla. There are those who do not hesitate to place him very close to his early predecessor, the great master Velázquez, and who say that, except in portraiture, he excels his other great predecessor, Goya, but no artist or art lover, be he tonalist, impressionist, realist, or romanticist, can fail to be at least amazed by the marvelous vitality and simplicity of the art of Sorolla. He is essentially, to give him his definite place, a colorist, and he is also a great draftsman, and the most successful painter of sunlight, atmosphere, and air that possibly the world has ever seen. And his work is truthful—truthful in drawing, in action, and in every detail. Notice the baby boy in "At the Bath," "Running Along the Beach," with the movement and action of the children and its light and air, and the "After the Bath," with the sunlight filtering through the white sheet which the boy is holding up over the laughing girl in her wet bathing dress. Notice the

muscles of the straining oxen in the great museum picture, which should without question find a resting place in our own Metropolitan—the color of the sea and the movement of the figures. And through it all one feels the breeze blow, and is gripped by the dramatic intensity of the scene.

A brother painter of Sorolla says that he never makes a correction in his drawing, and that "he paints with the hand of God." Certainly his is inspired art, in that it meets the test of all inspired art —the power to move, to thrill, to hold, the spectator.

HIS HUMAN SIDE

While as a rule Sorolla paints the joyousness of life, the summer and the sun, he can be sad and tragic, too, and in this very versatility he evinces his deep sympathy with humanity in its sufferings, as well as in its joys. One of the most moving pictures in the world—certainly one of the most impressive of modern masterpieces of art—is "The Sad Inheritance," that canvas fortunately owned by the Church of the Ascension in this city, which depicts a group of naked laughing urchins sporting in the surf on the Valencia beach, while in the foreground four little cripples, also nude and desirous of a bath, are pre-

Lavanderas

San Sebastián

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vented by their infirmities from joining their fellows. One poor boy, supported by crutches, bows his head and weeps, while a kindly young priest in attendance lays his hand sadly and in sorrowing sympathy on his head.

AS PORTRAIT-PAINTER

It is as a portrait-painter that Sorolla appears to less advantage. He could not paint a bad portrait, for he draws too well and correctly, and his color is too good to allow even this artistic Homer to nod to any extent, but with the exception of his sketch of the young King of Spain (the half-length, not the full-length, which is not so good), and the life-size, full-length seated portrait of his fellow-painter, Madrazo, his portraits are not convincing, while that of the young Queen of Spain, in white satin with an ermine cloak, is distinctly hard. But the portraits need not detain one—there is too much to see and admire in the painter's other works.

HIS LIFE HISTORY

A word in closing as to the life history of the modest little middle-aged man, born in Valencia, Spain, only forty-seven years ago, and who, now here, bids fair

to become a lion against his will. He was left an orphan when only two years old, adopted by an aunt, the wife of a locksmith, and spent his time making drawings in copy books. Although he was taken away from school and placed by his uncle in the latter's workshop, he was permitted to attend drawing classes, and when fifteen to study art. He entered the academy at Valencia, and at once won the prize for color, drawing, and perspective. A Señor García became interested in the boy and paid his way for several years in the academy. The painter afterward married his patron's daughter. His pictures attracted no attention when first exhibited, but the "Second of May," a scene of the Spanish War of Independence, and painted in the open air, when shown at Madrid, brought him fame. Then he went to Rome on a scholarship and afterward to Paris. When his "Fishing Boats Returning" was purchased for the Luxembourg from the Salon, he first reached universal fame. Since then he has gone on conquering and to conquer.

The exhibition is not only, as said above, a revelation, but is the most important and interesting event of the present art season.

JAMES B. TOWNSEND.

San Sebastián

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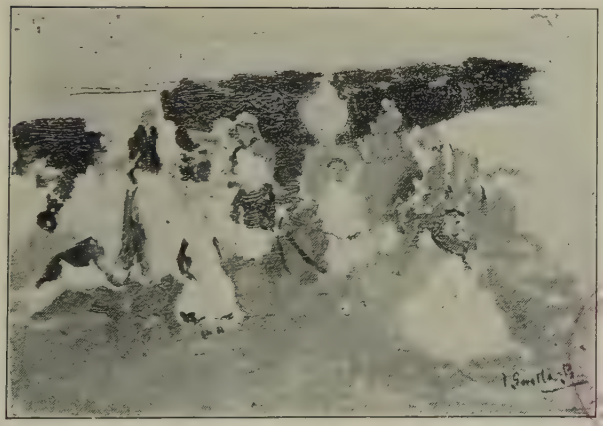

San Sebastián

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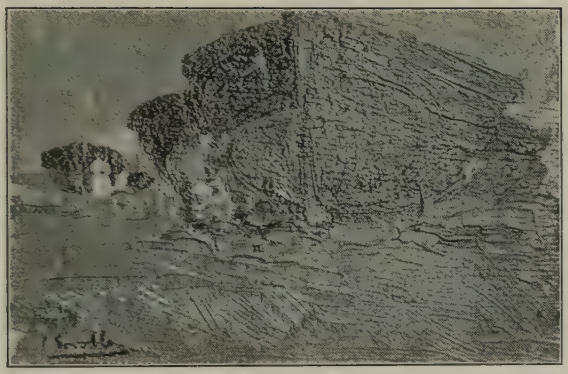

Playa de Valencia

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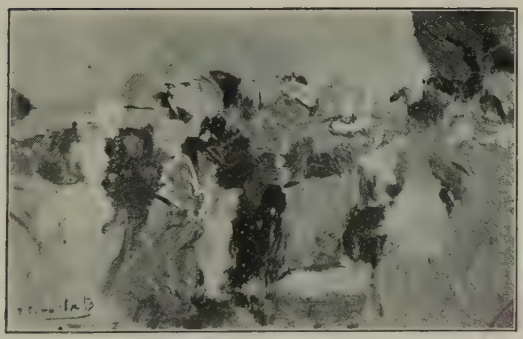

Playa de Valencia

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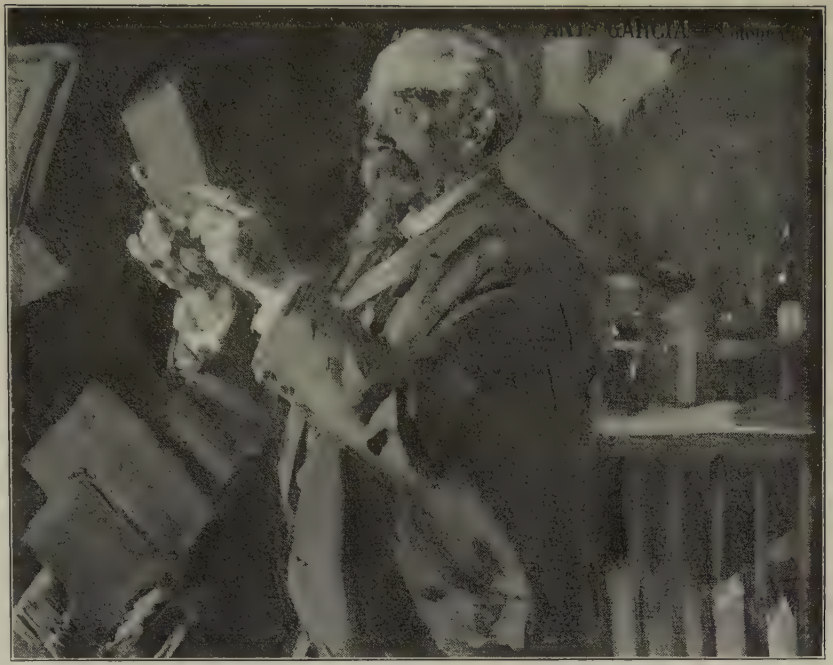
(From an article in the *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, February 14, 1909, entitled "Die hispanische Gesellschaft von Amerika. Von A. von Ende.")

. . . So war mir das Ziel dieses Unternehmens klar geworden und ich war kaum davon überrascht, dass die Gesellschaft in ihren Bemühungen das Verständnis hispanischer Kultur zu fördern, es auch unternommen, uns mit der modernen spanischen Kunst bekannt zu machen. Es war eine glückliche Idee, die Herrn Huntington veranlasste, zur Einführung in dieselbe Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida zu wählen, dessen Kunst weniger die dem Ausländer sattsam bekannten und ihm gewaltsam erscheinenden Äusserungen des Nationaltemperaments, als das ruhig dahingleitende Alltagsleben des Durchschnittsvolkes darstellt. Keine Stierkämpfe, keinen Torreador, keine Carmen sieht man auf den Bildern, die während des am 8. März ablaufenden Monats an Stelle der oben erwähnten Gemälde getreten sind. Hat die Zeit jene nachgedunkelt und sie zu typischen Dokumenten der Vergangenheit gemacht, so genügt jetzt ein einziger Blick in den Ausstellungssaal, einem den Eindruck neuen, blühenden, sonnigen, farbenfrischen Gegenwartlebens zu übermitteln. Der künstlerische Werth der Ausstellung ist ein ungleicher. Es ist zu viel da,

und mancherlei Unfertiges, das in des Künstlers Atelier hätte bleiben können. Aber der lichte, sonnige Charakter, die naive Freude am rein Thatsächlichen und Greifbaren, die diesen Bildern eigen, berührt einen wie frischer Seewind oder wie scharfe Höhenluft. Man ist versucht, hinter dieser Kunst eine beinahe robuste Gesundheit und ein sanguinisches Temperament zu vermuthen, der die Erscheinung und Persönlichkeit des mit seiner Gattin nach New York gekommenen Künstlers kaum entspricht, wohl aber besteht eine innige Beziehung zwischen des Künstlers schlichter, ruhiger Sprechweise und der einfachen, man möchte beinahe sagen, sachlichen Sprache, die sein Pinsel führt.

Es ist in dieser Anhäufung von Bildern eine überraschende Mannigfaltigkeit an Motiven aus dem Leben der Durchschnittsmenschheit. Seilbinder, Heuernte in Asturien, Traubenbrühen, Einziehen der Segel, Rückkehr vom Fischfang, Krabbenfischer, Segelflicken, Rosinenpacken, Trocknen der Netze, Schwimmer, Badende und zwischen durch und überall Kinder, spielende, badende, feierlich bekleidete und paradiesisch nackte Kinder. Stellte man alle diese Kinderbilder zusammen, so ergäbe sich ein farbenglühender, sonnenlichter, sinnesfreudiger Hymnus auf die Fruchtbarkeit, vor einer beinahe primitiven

El tío Pancha



Señor García

Frische und Ursprünglichkeit. Einige dieser Kindergestalten sind köstlich in Zeichnung wie Farbe. Mit Ausnahme der Portraits ist nirgends auch nur der geringste Versuch gemacht, der Natur durch Komposition nachzuhelfen. Es sind beinahe wörtliche Übertragungen der Wirklichkeit und es ist eine heitere, lebensfrohe Wirklichkeit. Nur einmal berührt der Künstler die Tragik des Menschenlebens, von der die Kindheit nicht verschont ist, in dem grossen Gemälde, das in dem kleineren Nebenraum hängt und "Ein trauriges Erbe" genannt ist. Da stehen an dem Strande von Valencia, dessen Wasser in den übrigen Bildern so sonnig durchleuchtet sind, hier aber eine beinahe bleierne düstere Färbung haben, die freudlosen, verkrüppelten und verwaisten Kinder eines Asyls unter Aufsicht des schützenden Priesters ein Bild trostlosen, erschütternden Elends. Sonst sieht der Künstler nur mit dem Auge des Malers, der die sich ihm darbietende Natur, die Wirklichkeit wiedergiebt; hier aber hat das Herz des Menschenfreundes mitgesprochen.

Sorolla erinnert einen an das Wort des französischen Kritikers, der von Velázquez gesagt: "Le peintre, le plus peintre qui fut jamais," und man möchte hinzufügen "et rien que peintre." Denn er ist Maler und nichts als Maler; weder Denker noch Dichter, weder Prediger noch Fantast; weder Ro-

mantiker noch Problematiker. Er grübelt nicht, er schaut und malt. Er berechnet vielleicht nicht einmal seine Wirkungen, so unbekümmert, so keck, scheint alles auf die Leinwand hingeworfen. Seine Farbenskala ist auf wenige Töne beschränkt; Nuancen kennt er nicht. Er hat keine komplizirte moderne Psyche. Oder aber er will nur das Einfache in Lebensäusserungen und menschlichen Empfindungen sehen und alles Sensitive und Raffinirte vermeiden. Es ist als ob dieser Moderne gegen Vieles protestirte, was man modern nennt, und was in der That eine durchaus natürliche künstlerische Äusserung in der gegenwärtigen Generation schlummernder Gedanken und sich durch ganze Schichten der Menschheit hinziehender Gefühlsströmungen ist. Es liegt wie Bejahung des materiellen, gesund sinnlichen Lebens in allen diesen Strandbildern mit spielenden Kindern, mit lustwandelnden Mädchen und Jünglingen, mit Badenden und Schwimmern. Es liegt sogar vielleicht ein philosophisches Sichfügen in das Unabänderliche in den Volksszenen, den Interieurs, wo die Frauen über die Arbeit gebeugt dasitzen und in jenen Küstenbildern, wo Mensch und Vieh mit Anstrengung aller ihrer Kraft sich der Brandung entgegenstemmen. Auch in den Landschaften, die in der Sammlung an Zahl schwach vertreten sind, spürt man nichts davon, dass der Künstler sich etwa be-

Niño desnudo, Granja

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müht habe, diese oder jene Stimmung hervorzubringen. Und doch liegt in manchen derselben Stimmung, und hätte durch feinere Nuancirung wirkungsvoll hervorgehoben werden und auf den Beschauer rückwirken können. Einzelne Portraits zeugen von Scharfblick für das Wesentliche und Charakteristische. Das lebensgrosse Bild der Dame in Schwarz ist ein Beispiel; das Portrait der Infanta Isabel ein noch bedeutenderes. Hingegen kommen die Majestäten bei Signor Sorolla wie so häufig in den Portraits selbst der grössten Meister weniger gut davon. Man kann sich nichts Nichtssagenderes vorstellen als die Bilder der beiden königlichen Hoheiten.

Die Ausstellung, die zur Zeit eine Menge von Besuchern nach dem Gebäude zieht, von dessen Existenz sie vielleicht keine Ahnung gehabt haben, hinterlässt einen lichten, frischen Eindruck. Sie ist geeignet, einem anschaulich zu machen, dass Spanien nicht das Land mondsüchtiger Romantik und auch nicht das Land blutiger Volksbelustigungen ist, wie man es sich gern vorstellt. Die grosse Masse des Volkes ist überall gesund und bleibt sich überall gleich. In gewisser Beziehung ist dies eine tröstliche Erkenntnis.

(*The Newark Evening News*, February 20, 1909.)

JOAQUÍN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

It grieves The Optimist to report that he has found nothing in the galleries to compare with Sorolla's work, but he is comforted by his optimism. It will not always be so. That great gladness of color that is Sorolla's! it is wonderful. He is one of the few great living painters, and, happily, the exhibition of his paintings at the Hispanic Museum, 156th street, near the Subway station, will be continued until March 8th.

The Optimist would like to linger long enough to outline Sorolla's artistic pedigree, but that is impossible to-day. Biographical details will be found in the introduction to the catalogue. Bastien-Lepage and Menzel affected Sorolla profoundly, but he also went to Barbizon. He sprang from the loins of Velázquez and Goya. Strongly influenced by many individuals, he has an individuality of his own; an eclectic, choosing method and technic where he will, he makes his own school. But let us not labor over the causes that made him great; let us enjoy what we are privileged to enjoy.

Sorolla is a painter of the world that he sees: a

Excelentísimo Señor Duque de Alba

great impressionist, a true realist. And he has a happy habit of looking at the world in which the sun shines. It is possible to stretch this claim so as to cover "The Sad Inheritance." In the foreground is the beach at Valencia. For the moment the happy children, fisherfolks and sail-sewers have been banished. A score or so of imbecile or crippled boys—the anatomical deformities are superbly mastered—the cast-off children of depraved and unknown parents, huddle about the good priest whose life is consecrated to the alleviation of the sufferings caused by the sins of the parents. For the joyless child, denied the gaiety of healthy boyhood, there is some one that cares, and Sorolla could not paint the sorrow of it without putting the solace into the very center.

But that is not the sunshine that characterizes his work. It is the light that rays from Old Sol himself. "In order to express the subtle yet intense vibrations of the sunlight," Bereute says, "Sorolla sometimes uses crisp, small touches of the brush, though not in the extravagant fashion of the French impressionists. He saw and absorbed all that is healthy in the various phases of impressionism; and so, in painting landscape, he banishes from his palette black or blackish, non-transparent colors, such as were formerly in vogue for rendering shadow. But, on the other hand,

his canvases contain a great variety of blues and violets balanced and juxtaposed with reds and yellows. These, and the skilful use of white, provide him with a color scheme of great simplicity, originality, and beauty."

The color—the translucent color—of Sorolla is tremendous, but what a shame it is that no gallery is at hand that provides proper distance. Take No. 72, "Helen Among the Roses," for an illustration. It makes no appeal whatever until it is glimpsed from the upper gallery—this is the best place from which to view them all—and then it is a vision that woos by the great loveliness of its color.

But we must make a systematic beginning. His portraiture is excellent, almost without exception. It compels one to believe, without knowledge, that the likenesses are accurate. Looking at No. 88, "In the Gardens of La Granja," from the other end of the museum, The Optimist mistook the woman in the picture for a spectator, and this quality of boldness is ever apparent.

The portrait of her Majesty the Queen of Spain is done like a miniature, with a wonderful soft, red background of inestimable values. The smaller portrait of the infant Prince of Asturias is especially pleasing, a charming thing with the qualities of a

Corriendo por la playa

Después del baño

water color. Except for the portraits of Señora Sorolla, No. V, "Her Royal Highness Doña Ysabel de Borbón," is more imposing than any other in the exhibition. Sorolla has a great facility for reproducing fabrics that is manifest not only in the portraits. His gossamer and diaphanous effects, the wet, clinging garments of the children and the bathers sublimate realism. The Optimist liked the picture of the Mother and Child in bed. It is simply a gray canvas with the dark heads against pillows and counterpane and with the mother's outstretched arm. O ye who have babes of your own! this is maternity, this is childhood.

Sorolla must love children. On canvas after canvas they romp along the beach, dive in the water, or sprawl on the sands in the sunshine. The water is too clear to obscure their submerged limbs and bodies. What action there is in them! the awkwardness and the grace of childhood! Better still, its wholesome, unconscious innocence: as if the serpent had never entered the Garden. They are beautifully unashamed.

No. 104, "The Little Girl with Blue Ribbon," will never tire you, never cease to please. With artless grace the little girl—such a dainty child, as all little girls ought to be—stands out in the sunshine on Valencia's beach. And she stands out, too, as real, as natural as life and sunshine. Nearby hangs No.

68, "Taking in the Sail." The face, the red turban, the white sail, all gleam in the sunshine that comes to his brush so irresistibly.

There seems to be no limit to Sorolla's variety and his industry has furnished an impulse to artists. It is almost always the light that allures. In the Garden of the Alcázar, beating against the white walls and columns of a farmhouse, dancing in the water, playing hide-and-seek through the foliage, glancing from the body of some lightly-clad child, penetrating sheer fabrics and pattering hot upon the sands; always the sunshine. He is a painter of glad, joyous, free-hearted, exuberant life. Now how could an optimist fail to be enthusiastic over all this? Sincerity, actuality, sympathy, and swiftness are the qualities of his work that make it real and lasting and human.

No, there is not all the finish you may think you wish, all the avoidance of sketchiness. Sorolla himself says: "I feel that if I painted slowly, I positively could not paint at all." He catches the infinite transitions of light and shade and atmosphere and, to render them, he must work with infinite rapidity. This is one of the great secrets of his power and his realism.

Paseo del Faro, Biarritz

Niño en la playa

(*The Call.* New York, February 25, 1909.)

THE SOROLLA EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

The chill of our gray winter days is soon dispelled before the pictures of Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida, at the Hispanic Museum, 156th Street and Broadway.

Sorolla loves the shine of the scorching Spanish sun; he loves the wind which caresses the little children who bask in the sun and display their nude bodies, and it is here that he is happiest. The children frolic, the wind and sea frolic, and the painter plies his brush in perfect sympathy with that frolic.

Not that the sterner moods of life fail to fall under his versatile and dexterous brush. The Spanish seaman, bronzed and sturdy, the weary peasant, the wayfarer, the statesman, the scholar, the soldier, are all "game" to him.

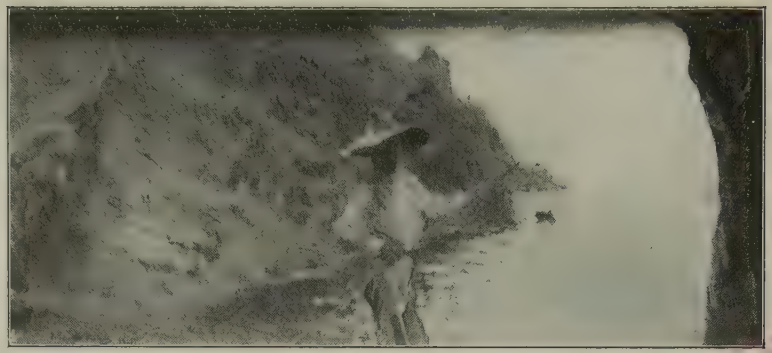
In his struggle for life this Spaniard has met and known them all intimately. No mere fantasy on his part. He was the son of humble peasants of Valencia, Spain, who died of cholera two years after Joaquín was born. He was adopted by his aunt, the wife of a locksmith.

The boy's incorrigible love for drawing interfered

with his work at school and the futile task of educating him was abandoned. He was put to work in the shops of his uncle and during the evenings attended a local art school. The hopeless pupil proved so apt a draftsman that he was taken from the shop and placed in the Academia de Bellas Artes of San Carlos. Success followed, and in his rise through life he encountered all of the classes and kinds of people that he has painted.

But his greatest sympathy, one can readily see, lies with those from whom he came. Every mood and occupation of theirs is known to him. As fishermen he knows them best. But not only men—sea, sky and earth, trees and beasts; in fact, all that the sun lights on, he paints. Sea and sky, earth and rocks are enough for him, as in Nos. 13 and 17. Even the hot sun he often dispenses with, as in the two little gray landscapes, poems in paint, Nos. 24 and 33. Here sun is unnecessary. A deep slope, splashed with flowers, a forest at the bottom of the hill, a patch of sky and the thing is complete.

In his sunlight pictures, sun and atmosphere change with the theme he paints. Lurid and harsh is Old Sol when he throws his rays on the men "Beaching the Boat" (318). The sail of the boat is painful and blinding; the bodies of the oxen clumsy and



Cabo de San Antonio, Jávea

Excelentísimo Señor Conde de Villagonzalo

heavy, as in nature. But when the sun lights on the backs of nude tots lying or playing on the beach, wading or swimming, or on slightly-clad boys and girls running along the beach, it is delicate and delightful.

This love for the sun is unique. It reveals a man of sunny temperament. It is a physical sun, unlike the sun of Rembrandt, which was used to pierce shadowy gloom and reveal the torment of the artist's soul. Sorolla is not spiritual in that sense. Nor does he clamor for the ideal. On the contrary, he is poignantly real, showing to man the delights of this beautiful world.

He is alienated from past traditions in art. His works are no mere arrangements in line, color, or mass. He does not seem to compose, Nature composes for him. With her he is in absolute sympathy. He paints rapidly, passionately, suggestively the Spain he knows and loves. All is Spanish in the exhibit. His craft is big, vigorous, and healthy, sacrificing detail for mass, but never missing the salient features which make character. In this rendition he is wonderful, often sustaining himself thereby when his color is not so fortunate as in some of his indoor portraits.

The portrait of his wife in black dress (288)

is perhaps the best example of subtile painting in the whole exhibition. The figure of the charming woman is slightly posed and the canvas is somewhat "arranged," but I know of few modern pictures that are more delicately modeled; especially the head, which is a marvel of sympathetic painting. So, also, is his "Señorita Doña María Sorolla." Here he cajoled the brush into slipping one form into another. It is snappy, crisp, and lovely. Numbers of portraits other than these grace the walls of the museum and attest the skill of the artist.

In his "Valencian Fisherwomen" (84), something more than skill and character is felt. The painter is free again. The picture is filled with glorious sunlight alighting on the gossiping women and on the boats in back of them. Here, as in his "Beach of Valencia by Morning Light" (307), one is drawn into the actual. In the latter canvas we envy the youngsters divested of their clothes and bathing in the water or broiling their wet bodies in sunshine.

The breeze blows hard on the sails yonder, the water rolls on the beach. The canvas is full of humor, the stubborn little nudity in the foreground refuses to be lifted off the sand to the delight of all concerned. The fresh morning air is cool and inviting. Its humor recalls to one "Playing in the Water" (306). Here the tenderness of childhood is treated.

Niño en el mar

The little babe is altogether at the mercy of the older playmate, but was never in more loving hands.

THE DELIGHTFUL "SEA IDYL"

Perhaps the most delightful of these sunlight pictures is the one called a "Sea Idyl," a song of sunshine and youth. Two children, a boy and a girl, lie at the edge of the water, lolling in the calm, soft air. He, less timid than she, is almost completely immersed, contented with the roll of the warm water over his body. She but touches the water with her legs, to which a wet garment clings tightly. The forms of the soft flesh lose and find themselves in the light, and Sorolla has followed carefully these notes which interpret that action of light on form.

This suggestive modeling is one of the great problems of modern painting that the Spaniard has conquered. The drawing of the two figures is strong and true, and a light, airy color tones the canvas. The charming childishness of both children chatting with each other throws off for a moment thought of the suffering children we know.

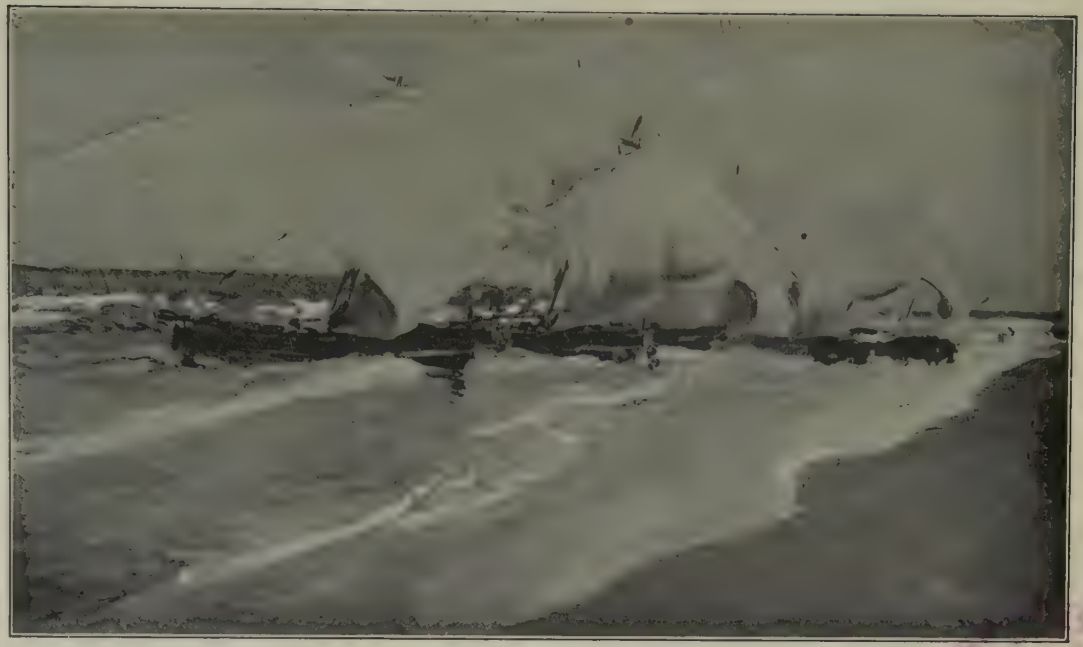
THE "SAD INHERITANCE"

But Sorolla, the seeker of the actual, in his love for healthy children, happily situated, the glowing sun

and frolicking sea and wind, has not forgotten the water over which the wind is hushed, the sky heavy laden, the sun cool, the children whose sad inheritance it is to be crippled or imbecile.

His "Sad Inheritance" (350) is a picture of a priest guarding a lot of deformed boys at their bath. His duty it is to take the place of the lost mother and to substitute motherly care. The figure of the noble priest, with black robe pitched against a dark and somber sea, occupies a goodly part of the foreground of the picture. He leads one badly deformed child and several others follow. Their nude bodies are lighted by the sun, but it is a sad sun, bland, making us almost forget the sense of the outdoor. Cool shadows, taking on reflections, increase the depressing spirit of the canvas. Blank miles of quiet water stretch out before us. The limitless sea loses itself in darkness. Gently it rolls its waves in on the bathers as though careful of the figures that are unable to frolic along the beach or in its waters. They, many with crutches to support them, move painfully and slowly. The head of the priest, barely touched by light, looks down at the cripple he is leading. Tightly he holds his charge, whose misshapen leg and torse show his sad inheritance.

Need we speak of the technical virtues of this can-



Barcas valencianas

vas, which Sorolla has done with a sympathy and reserve nowhere surpassed in this collection of pictures? And as for motif—here, it is shadow touched by gloomy light, as though to complement the spirit of the exhibition.

Of all the 350 paintings not one is more popular; no other but this destroys whatever happiness we may possess.

HERMAN BLOCH.

(*The Independent*, February 25, 1909.)

A GREAT SPANISH PAINTER

NEW YORK has been made to realize two things this month, of which most of its citizens were before unaware. One was the existence and charm of the building in West 156th Street of the Hispanic Society of America, founded on good broad lines for the furtherance of our knowledge of things Spanish, and the other is the existence which this Society again has enabled us to appreciate of a mighty descendant of the seventeenth-century artists of Spain in the person of Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida.

The work of Sorolla shows influence from the great naturalistic wave in French nineteenth-century

art but obviously Velázquez himself was very seriously studied by this modern master of other knowledge unknown to Velázquez. Knowledge of light and movement above all. No photograph can give a true idea of the brilliant technic of this man, whose eye seizes and whose hand fixes almost instantly all the movements and colors and characters to be seen in his country, especially by its seas. His vision is always clear, and poetic only as poetry dwells in his subject matter always; yet his things have other depth of splendidly virile achievements and of his school he has no rivals. In portraiture one is tempted to compare him with Sargent and to feel some similarity in points of view, but probably his best portraits are not here, while his best genre works are.

Never has the mother just after the birth of her child been so touchingly painted as in the large, quiet toned canvas, showing only the expanse of white covered bed, with the two heads appearing. The only darker spots, the mother's head turned in, are toward the wee mite, with eyes tightly shut. Seldom has the horror of deformity been so intensely painted as in the sad colored "Sad Inheritance," with its foreground group of crippled boys led down to the sea by the strong, stern priest, whom yet we feel is sympathetic, though we can see only his back. A

Niños en el mar

Naranjal, Alcira

third large canvas, called in English "Oxen Preparing to Beach Fishing Boats," is as different again as possible, and such an absolutely true rendering of one of the sturdiest of activities for men, beasts, and boats, that it fairly excites one, as would the scene itself. Then there are beautiful landscapes and many small sketches of the swimming and wading joys of young boys and girls he paints so often—merrily, gracefully, strongly, or in whatever mood the scene presented itself.

A portrait of Madrazo, the painter, in his garden is an exceedingly beautiful thing, but the large royal portraits lack sincerity, as it seems royal portraits must, though a small one of King Alfonso is characteristic and consequently convincingly ugly. The exhibition will remain open until March 8th, when it will be succeeded by a showing of work by another Spaniard, Zuloaga.

(*The Literary Digest*, February 27, 1909.)

A PAINTER OF SUNLIGHT

Spain is vigorously contesting with Germany for American admiration of her contemporary art. Visitors to the galleries in New York now divide their

attention between the German exhibition at the Metropolitan and the works of the Spanish master Sorolla y Bastida at the Hispanic Museum. Three hundred and fifty specimens of this artist's work are shown, and critics and admirers are applauding the joyous, vital, sunny spirit of this man who chiefly paints sunshine and love, the frolics of children, and the play of the waves on the seashore. "No one who appreciates great painting," says the critic of the New York "Evening Post," "should miss seeing this exhibition, for Sorolla is a very great painter; not one of his brother artists, not one amateur of art who has seen his work, but ranks him among the greatest painters of the day." The painter tells you that he hates darkness. "Claude Monet once said that painting in general did not have light enough in it. I agree with him. We painters, however, can never reproduce sunlight as it really is. I can only approach the truth of it." Mr. Huneker, in "The Sun" (New York), looks upon him as "the painter of sunshine without equal." Admitting no "mincing of comparisons," he asserts that "not Turner, not Monet, painted so directly blinding shafts of sunshine as has this Spaniard." Of his method Mr. Huneker writes:

"After years of labor he has achieved a personal vision. It is so completely his that to copy it would

Al agua

Niño en la playa

be to perpetrate a burlesque. He employs the divisional *taches* of Monet, spots, cross-hatchings, big, saberlike strokes *à la* John Sargent, indulges in smooth sinuous silhouettes, or huge splotches, refulgent patches, explosions, vibrating surfaces; surfaces that are smooth and oily, surfaces, as in his waters, that are exquisitely translucent. You can't pin him down to a particular formula. His technic in other hands would be coarse, crashing, brassy, bald, and too *fortissimo*. It is not any of these, though it is too often deficient in the finer modulations. He makes one forget this synthetic technic by his *entrain*, sincerity, and sympathy with his subject. Apart from his luscious, tropical color he is a sober narrator of facts. Ay, but he is a big chap, this amiable little Valencian with a big heart and a hand that reaches out and grabs down clouds, skies, scoops up the sea, and sets running, wriggling, screaming a joyful band of naked boys and girls over the golden summer sands in a sort of ecstatic symphony of pantheism. Imagine Walt Whitman (omitting the 'Children of Adam'), Walt when he evokes a mass of animated youth, and you will faintly gather the rich colored rhythms of Señor Sorolla's pictures."

Mr. Huneker thrusts in a caution against supposing that because of Sorolla's "enormous *brio* his general way of entrapping nature is brutal." We get some further ideas of what appeals to him, and how

he stands in relation to a fellow-painter, Zuloaga, whose work is to follow his at the same place of exhibition:

"He is masculine and absolutely free from the neurasthenic *morbidezza* of his fellow-countryman, Zuloaga. (And far from attaining that painter's inches as a psychologist.) For the delineation of moods nocturnal, of poetic melancholy, of the contemplative aspect of life we must not go to Sorolla. He is not a thinker. He is the painter of bright mornings and brisk salt breezes. He is half Greek. There is Winckelmann's *Heiterkeit,* blitheness, in his groups of romping children, in their unashamed bare skins and naïve attitudes. Boys on Valencian beaches evidently believe in Adamic undress. Nor do the girls seem to care. Stretched upon his stomach on the beach, a youth, straw-hatted, stares at the spume of the rollers. His companion is not so unconventionally disarrayed, and as she has evidently not eaten of the poisonous apple of wisdom she is free from embarrassment. Balzac's two infants, innocent of their sex, could not be less carefree than the Sorolla children. How tenderly, sensitively he models the hardly nubile forms of maidens! The movement of their legs as they race the strand, their dash into the water, or their nervous pausing at the rim of the wet—here is poetry for you, the poetry of glorious days in youthland. Curiously enough his types are for the most part more international than

Calle de naranjos

Jugando en el agua

racial; that is, racial as are Zuloaga's Basque brigands, *manolas,* and gipsies.

"But only this? Can't he paint anything but massive oxen wading to their buttocks in the sea; or fisher-boats with swelling sails blotting out the horizon; or a girl after a dip standing, as her boyish cavalier covers her with a robe—you see the clear pink flesh through her garb; or vistas of flower-gardens with roguish maidens and courtly parks; peasants harvesting, working women sorting raisins; sailors mending nets, boys at rope-making—is all this great art? Where are the polished surfaces of the cultured studio worker; where the bric-à-brac which we inseparably connect with pseudo-Spanish art? You will not find any of them. Sorolla with good red blood in his veins, the blood of a great, misunderstood race, paints what he sees on the top of God's earth. He is not a book- but a nature-poet; not a virtuoso of the brush but a normal man of genius. He is in love with light, and by his treatment of relative values creates the illusion of sun-flooded landscapes. He does not cry for the 'sun,' as did Oswald Alving; it comes to him at the beckoning of his brush. His limitations are but the defects of his good qualities. Let us not expect a Zuloaga when we have a Sorolla. Zuloaga comes to us soon; and as Goethe said of Schiller and himself, 'Germany ought to be proud of two such big fellows.' This remark applies to Spain, Sorolla, and Zuloaga as well."

One picture in the collection strikes another note—"the one sad picture of the collection." In "The Evening Post" we read of it:

"It is called 'Triste Herencia' ('Sad Inheritance'), and belongs to John E. Berwind. It hung in the Sunday-school room of the Church of the Ascension, on Fifth Avenue; yet few knew that New York possessed this masterpiece. The 'sad inheritance' has come to a number of crippled or imbecile boys who are being watched over by a priest as they take their bath on the beach at Valencia that has lost all the gladsomeness of Sorolla's other beach pieces. Here again the artist displays his marvelous powers of draftsmanship. There is a boy in the right-hand corner of the picture shading his eyes from the sun, the modeling of whose figure simply indicated by the shadow on his stomach is quite extraordinary, and that of other boys on crutches is no less remarkable."

(*The Cincinnati Times-Star,* February 27, 1909.)

A GREAT SPANISH PAINTER IN NEW YORK

If it were possible to write an adequate account of the Sorolla exhibition, it would be of doubtful kindness to any one who was not to see the pictures. It would

simply make such an one disgusted with fate and the writer for creating a hunger not to be satisfied. Three hundred and fifty paintings, big and little, all by one man, all in one building, and not an uninteresting one in the lot! Standing in the presence of this amazing display, it is impossible for any one with a grain of art in his nature to remain unmoved. If you have never cared for pictures before, here is the provocation for an awakening. But if you are already infatuated with things beautiful, have a care how you drink of the wine of life which this wonderful Spaniard offers you.

Surrounded by the pictures, it is impossible to think or talk in moderation. It goes to the head instantly with the finest of intoxications. Here is the work of a man surcharged with the joy of things and of life to an unparalleled degree. So many people coming into the room exclaim: "Why, I had no idea it was like this. It 's not like anything I ever saw before. Just look at the color. Look at that girl coming out of the water, and see those boats; why he paints landscapes, too, and the portrait of the King. Why he paints everything. What a cunning baby!"

This is an excerpt merely. What Sorolla has not recorded of life would be hard to tell. He is one of the most comprehensive, omniverous, and artistically

successful painters the world has ever seen. Until this showing of his work, but very few in America knew him, even by name. The present exhibition is beyond all manner of doubt one of the most important events in our entire art history. When one realizes that the pictures are assembled here for only a period of a few weeks, it incites to further extravagances of thought. For instance, that the nation should rise *en masse,* purchase the entire collection as the greatest lesson in art it has ever had, and then delegate its most alluring orator to call upon Señor Sorolla and persuade him that he could find a congenial working home in America. So we should be in a fair way to be born again, to assure for America a true renaissance. It is heart-breaking to think of this opportunity for development, for intellectual advancement, for riding the crest of the highest tide of life, slipping away from us. At most only a few thousand souls will read this sermon in paint, where millions should have the benefit of it. I am a peaceably inclined citizen, but truly the situation stirs within me feelings which point to the probability that some of my forbears were pirates.

Sorolla is a man who, as we express it in this country, has made himself. Heaven knows he had good raw material to work with. He was born in 1863 in

El nieto

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Alegría del agua

Valencia. It is a strong argument in favor of not having circumstances too easy in this life that he began and struggled through many of his earlier years with very little beside his genius. He was born neither to wealth nor position, and to complicate matters, was left an orphan at two years of age. He was taken in charge by an uncle and aunt, and sent to school. There he showed a greater gift for making scrawls of pictures on his books than for profiting by them in the way they were intended. It seems hard to believe, but it is a fact that his teacher had the brains to encourage, or at least tolerate this form of waywardness, and so did his guardians. At fifteen years of age they took him out of school and gave him all the help their moderate circumstances made possible toward an art career. Sorolla rewarded this insight by early winning prizes. A scholarship finally took him to Rome, and later he went to Paris. But

"In spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,"

he remains most emphatically a Spaniard, and his talent is devoted to a comprehensive portrait of his home country and its people.

His overwhelming fecundity indicates at once certain characteristics of his art. First, in technic, a great breadth and swiftness; second, an immense

sympathy with the game of life and its players. His great passion is sunshine. He is exuberant, keen, tender, whimsical, brusque, philosophic, but always strong and impeccably frank. It is unnecessary to add that he is original.

His pictures are shown in the beautiful patio of the Hispanic Society. This organization invited Señor Sorolla to be its guest and to show this large collection, in the desire to bring about a more intimate understanding of the Spanish people by those of America. The hosts must feel very content with the welcome of appreciation which their generosity has brought forth.

Sorolla has the rare gift possessed by some speakers of getting his idea before you in the simplest and quickest way. His pictures indicate at once that he has an idea; and they do not cover the idea up with a mass of pictorial verbiage. You know what he is talking about, you recognize promptly that it is just what you want to know, and he does not bother you with those by-products of intellectual gymnastics which cover up, instead of uncovering, the idea. It is an art without a grain of affectation. He never lays on a stroke of paint to make you think he is showing off. And he does n't make one canvas try to do the work of half a dozen.

Sobre la arena

D. Francisco Acebal

PUBLIC LIBRARY

That, of course, does not mean he is understood by everybody, for we are not by nature very simple in the artistic sense. The taste for simplicity is a thing often to be acquired. Some people want a painting to tell them all the facts, much after the fashion of a photograph. But then there are those who will sit down and peruse the dictionary for diversion, instead of a good yarn. "He 's an impressionist," say these votaries of truth; and the whole truth, be it noted.

Sorolla is indeed an impressionist, and a fine one, too. "These paintings," said a lady who, by the way, is a well-known artist, "are plans for pictures." Certain spots and lines here and there on the canvases disturbed her, where things had smeared a little, bent a little out of good drawing, or were left frankly unfinished. She resented these, just as she would doubtless resent that a fine orator should make a slip of grammar, or repeat a word, catch his breath, or clear his throat. A devotion to details which have no bearing on the point at issue—the thought being presented—is a mental cerecloth.

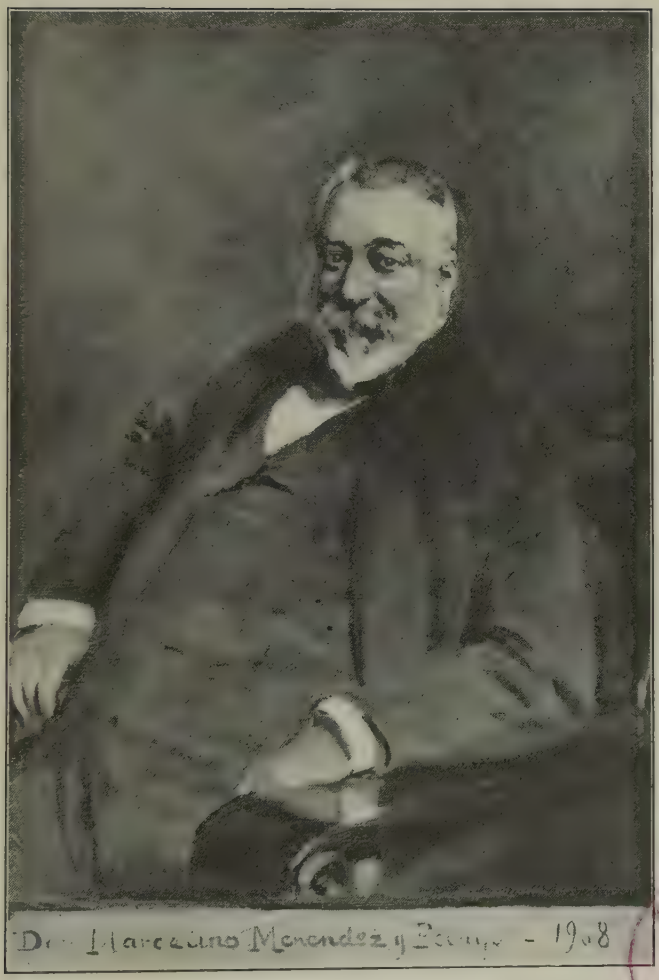
If much is left out of these canvases it is only that other facts may appear with greater emphasis, that the imagination of the beholder may gather some momentum from that of the artist. Whatever is told is given with such virility, brilliancy, and precision

that even the most unwilling to believe can not say that it is necessary to write "cow" under any picture Sorolla intends for "cow." And if he paints one purple he 's apt to convince you.

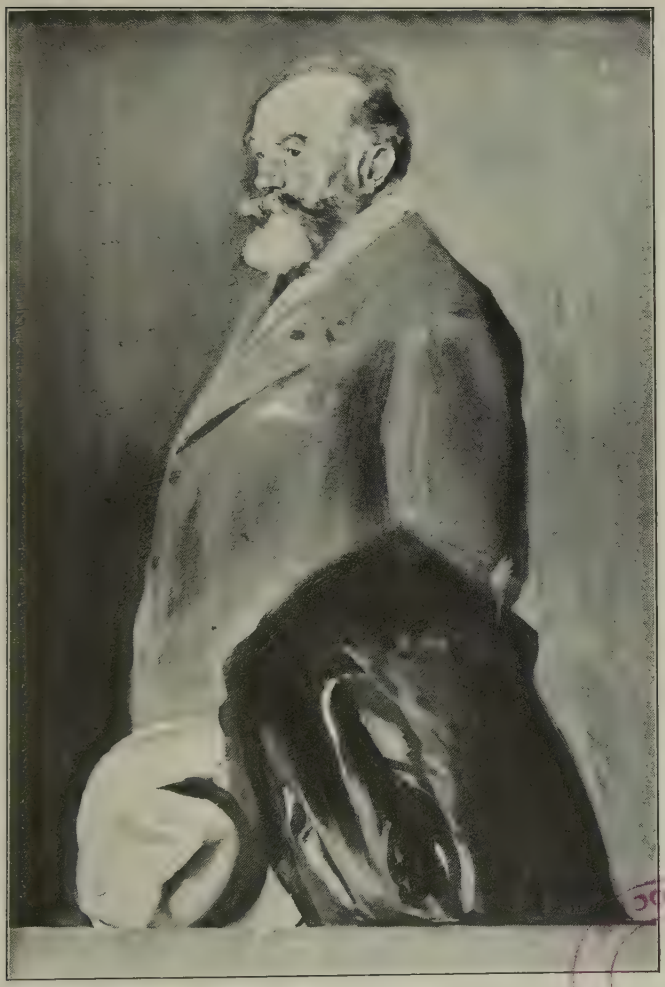
Sorolla has the gift of making you feel at home wherever he leads the way, on the shore among the boats with fisherman and bathers, in the fields and cities of Spain, with peasants and grandees, or across lonely mountain passes. He introduces you to the most vividly painted and varied personalities in his portraits. He appears to understand every kind of individual from king to beggar, and every age from the nonagenarian to the new-born babe. The collection here shown contains many examples, all of them admirable, of this so difficult phase of art.

Those roads and bridges, arid wastes and thickly wooded hills, the gorges and running waters of Spain, are brilliant and dramatic with color and light and are true pictures—every one. That of the young girl who has just stepped from her ocean bath, with her wet costume clinging to her, while a youth is throwing a great white sheet about her, is one which seems to leave no one untouched. It embodies the whole grace and wholesome light-heartedness of youth, all bathed in brilliant, rich-colored Spanish sunshine.

If Sorolla leads you in serious, sad, or even tragic



Excelentísimo Señor D. Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo



Excelentísimo Señor D. Aureliano de Beruete

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paths it is because he understands all sides of life and would have his report free from ill proportion. His "Sad Inheritance," fortunately owned in this country, shows a priest watching over his charge, a troop of sickly, maimed, and feeble-minded boys as they take an ocean dip. You come upon it in this joyous exhibition as you might in life, unawares, a stern reminder of the tragic reach which our sympathies must have if we are to call ourselves human in any adequate sense of the word. We return with fuller appreciation of the value, of the great cost, of joy from such a sermon to the overflowing health of the large picture of Sorolla's daughters on horseback, dressed in lovely costumes of former days.

Sorolla y Bastida has the instinct of a Shakspere with his wide grasp of nature and life, and his lyric and epic presentation of it. His work should incite a public to active conspiracy with artists, through intelligent appreciation, to become alive, to make their art big with the bigness of life itself through their own bigness of heart and mind.

Paul K. M. Thomas.

(*The Philadelphia Inquirer,* February 28, 1909.)

JOAQUÍN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

It is not often that a one-man exhibition can fascinate a community to the extent that the works of the modern Spanish master, Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida, have done at the Hispanic Museum, 156th Street and Broadway, New York, during the last fortnight.

Up to the present time 53,494 persons have visited the exhibition. Last Sunday alone the attendance was 10,296 and on Washington's birthday 11,906. In fact, William M. Chase, instructor at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, considered it of such importance that he took his entire class over to New York to see it.

The exhibit, composed of 350 pictures, over a hundred of which are small sketches, is the sensation of the hour in the art world of New York. Until now little has been known of this man's work among Americans, except by a few artists living abroad, so that the present display comes as a complete revelation.

The Metropolitan Museum has purchased two of the pictures, "Oxen Hauling Boats on Valencia

Excelentísimo Señor Marqués de Viana

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY

Playa de Valencia

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY

Beach" and his composition group, "Leonese Peasants," both large canvases, for its permanent collection.

Most of the paintings are landscapes, with some few portraits, but it is in his depiction of nature that Sorolla chiefly excels. These canvases are beautiful in color, full of sunlight and atmosphere and air.

What Sorolla seeks is not to paint facts or to tell a story, but to convey to the spectator something of the glad joy of life that is felt out of doors with nature—in contact with the sun's warm rays, the cool play of the breezes, and the broad expanse of sky and sea. It is primarily these moods of nature that Sorolla grasps and transmits to his canvases, and in their ability to hold, to thrill, and fascinate the onlooker they stand the test of all real art. An artist friend of Sorolla says that he never makes a correction in his drawing.

But it is not alone as a colorist that Sorolla excels; he is a great draftsman as well. In the large canvas bought by the Metropolitan, for instance, the character and action of the oxen straining under their load, the various attitudes and movements of the figures, show a perfect mastery of technic.

In the portrait groups is one of the young King of Spain and one of the Queen, also a full-length, seated

portrait of the Spanish artist Madrazo. All are well rendered, but not so charming as his landscapes.

As to the life of this remarkable man—he was born in Valencia, Spain, forty-seven years ago. Left an orphan when but two years old, he was adopted by a poor though kind-hearted aunt. Early in life Sorolla took an interest in drawing, and when fifteen was sent to the academy at Valencia to study art, where he soon won a prize for color and drawing. A man of means, seeing talent in the boy, paid for his studies for several years. Later Sorolla married his patron's daughter.

As usually happens, his pictures at first received little recognition, but when his scene of the Spanish War of Independence was first exhibited at Madrid it immediately brought him fame. After that he went to Rome and Paris on a scholarship. His "Fishing-Boats Returning," exhibited first at the Paris Salon, was bought by the French government for the Luxembourg. Since then his fame has been universal.

And yet, Sorolla is a modest, retiring little man, devoted to his art, his country, and his Spanish omelet.

The exhibit will remain in New York until March 8th, after which it will go to Buffalo. Why not Philadelphia?

Señor Granzón

Toros que se preparan para sacar las barcas de pesca, Valencia

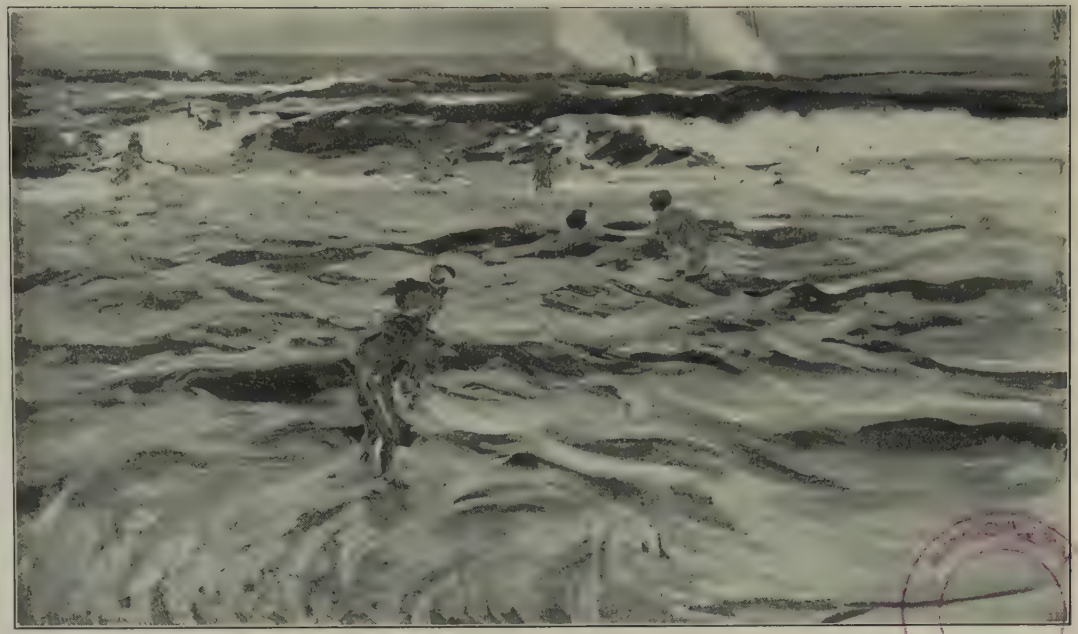
(*The New York Times*, February 28, 1909.)

In the recent issue of "The Bulletin" of the Metropolitan Museum it is stated with caution: "In matters of art, we in this country have so long been accustomed to turn to France for our inspirations and examples that it may well be that we have not been sufficiently alive to what has been going on in other countries." It would not be stating the case too strongly to say that we have been absurdly apathetic toward what has been going on in other countries. Our painters have been to school in France with few exceptions, and in the nursery at home we have been interested in the outside world only as it brought us news from the schoolroom, where our big brothers were having their chance. Fortunately and naturally with the gradual advance toward maturity of interests and a wider culture we are ready to change our point of view. The German exhibition is one sign, for, in spite of the fact that it owes its existence to the broad-minded generosity of a private citizen, its enthusiastic reception by the public shows that the public is no longer cribbed, cabined, and confined in taste or judgment. The Spanish exhibits of the Hispanic Museum are due to the energy and high ideals of a

private citizen, and here also the public has responded with joyous appreciation. We are promised an exhibition of modern English painting. The ball has been set rolling, and it is impossible to predict the proportions to which it will attain. But it will be a great mistake to permit any reaction against French art to creep into the general feeling. The modern French art that is having a representation at Montreal must come here also.

In a city not supposed to be characterized by an interest in art there has been a truly amazing welcome accorded to both the German exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum and the Sorolla exhibition at the Hispanic Museum. At the German exhibit the attendance from January 4th, the day on which the exhibition opened, until February 22d, the day of its closing, was 168,074. At the Sorolla exhibition the attendance from February 4th until the morning of February 25th was 43,358. In the case of the Sorolla exhibition the first four days were devoted to a public especially invited. The two record days of this exhibition were Washington's Birthday, when 11,906 people visited the galleries, and the preceding Sunday, when 10,296 people were there.[1]

[1] The full record of attendance is given on a subsequent page.



Niños en el mar

Mar (Efecto de la mañana)

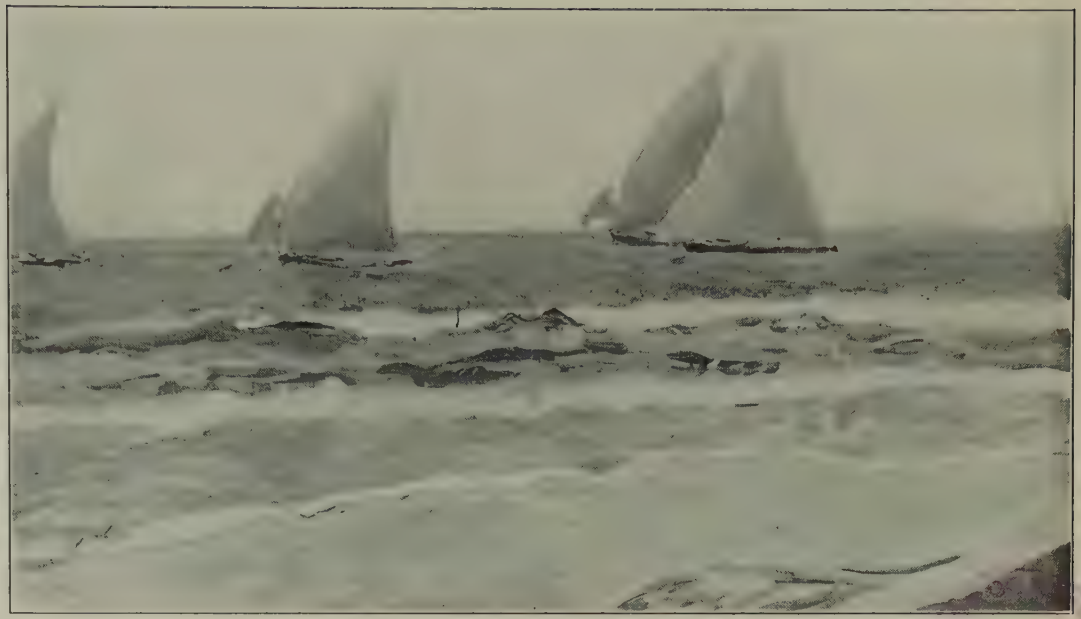
(*The Evening Post,* March 6, 1909.)

The Sorolla exhibition leaves us to-morrow. Its memories will remain with us for many a long day. An article by Christian Brinton on "Sorolla at the Hispanic Society," which appears in the current number of the "International Studio" gives a very lucid view of the Spanish painter's art. It is the fairest article on the subject that we have read. Mr. Brinton speaks of "the luminous and stimulating art of Sorolla," of his being "the strongest personality of his circle," "that aggressive group of artists who are to-day reviving with such veracity and force the ancient pictorial supremacy of their country," Spain; he tells us how "there has never been and there can never be anything speculative or philosophical in the art of the Iberian Peninsula," that "Spanish painting does not express symbols, it records facts," that "fulfilling the broad, traditional requirements of Spanish painting in general, yet bathed in the vibrant splendor of the modern palette, the art of Sorolla suggests in technical surety that of Zorn, Besnard, or Sargent." "Yet none of these men equals the sturdy Valencian in his close contact with reality, in the rapidity of his

impressionistic notation or the magnificent robustness of his outlook." We would recommend a reading of Mr. Brinton's article to a certain impressionist painter of this city who could see nothing but a chromo in Sorolla's "Beaching the Boat," and only snapshots in the beach pictures.

Mr. Brinton's article, however, is not all praise. Sorolla's "powers of ready notation are truly phenomenal," but "it is not so apparent that he is able deliberately to face a sitter and reconstruct upon canvas his (the sitter's) inner, as well as his outer semblance." The majority of the Sorolla portraits, Mr. Brinton finds "lacking in depth and inevitability." Sorolla is "not contemplative. He does not in portraiture patiently await that confiding self-revelation which comes with time alone." It is a pity that this interesting and judicial article did not appear earlier when unexpectedly large crowds were filling the Museum on 156th Street. It would have assisted these crowds to a fuller appreciation of the heights to which Sorolla had reached in that "Jubilant Symphony of Sunlight," to a recognition of his limitations and of the cause of them—he confesses himself he can feel no sympathy with a sitter in a studio—

Barca pescadora



Velas en el mar

when he leaves outdoor life. But better late than never, the article will serve to keep alive the distinct revelation the Sorolla exhibition has been to the American public.

(*The New York Times,* March 6, 1909.)

SOROLLA

PAINTER of radiant childhood, the sun and the open sea,
Painter of pitiful babies broken by Destiny,
Painter of flesh and spirit, of youth the dreamer divine,
Painter of men and women, of faces like thine or mine,
Master of men's soul-secrets, master of women's tears—
I bring thee greeting, Sorolla, and honor for thy full years.

Painter of winds and waters, of winds that laugh as they blow,
Of waters blue as yon Heaven, of sunshine hotly aglow,

Painter of sharp swift motion, of sea-sprite babies
that flee
Out to the flashing breakers, out to their Mother the
Sea,
Master of painted motion, lord of the sea and the
sand—
We bring thee greeting, Sorolla, and hearts that may
understand!

For we of this young strong Nation are keen for the
thing that is true,
We want the art that is Honest and we prod the
Dreamer to *do*.
We welcome your art, Sorolla, because it 's alive and
aglow
With seedlings and seasons of Nature, with the Sea
and its ebb and its flow.
Master of painted canvas, Lover of human kind—
We bring thee greeting, Sorolla, man of the open
mind.

Painter of splendors and squalors, of fishermen,
peasants, and Kings,
Painter of modern Madonnas, of joys that maternity
brings,

Vuelta de la pesca

Barcas en la arena

Painter of change and of motion, with brush that is
swift like the wind,
Painter of gay, naked boyhood, pure both in body
and mind,
Master of masterly brushwork, with vision unjaded
and keen—
We bring thee greeting, Sorolla, for Art that is vital
and clean.

Painter of radiant childhood, the sun and the open
sea,
Painter of sorrowful children, shattered by Destiny,
Painter of innocent girlhood, of youth the dreamer
divine,
Painter of men and women, of faces like thine and
mine,
Painter of wind and motion, of the wide mysterious
main—
Honor and greeting, Sorolla, to the son of thy
Mother—Spain!

ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN.

(*The Evening Post,* March 8, 1909.)

SOROLLA EXHIBIT ATTENDANCE SURPRISES STUDIOS

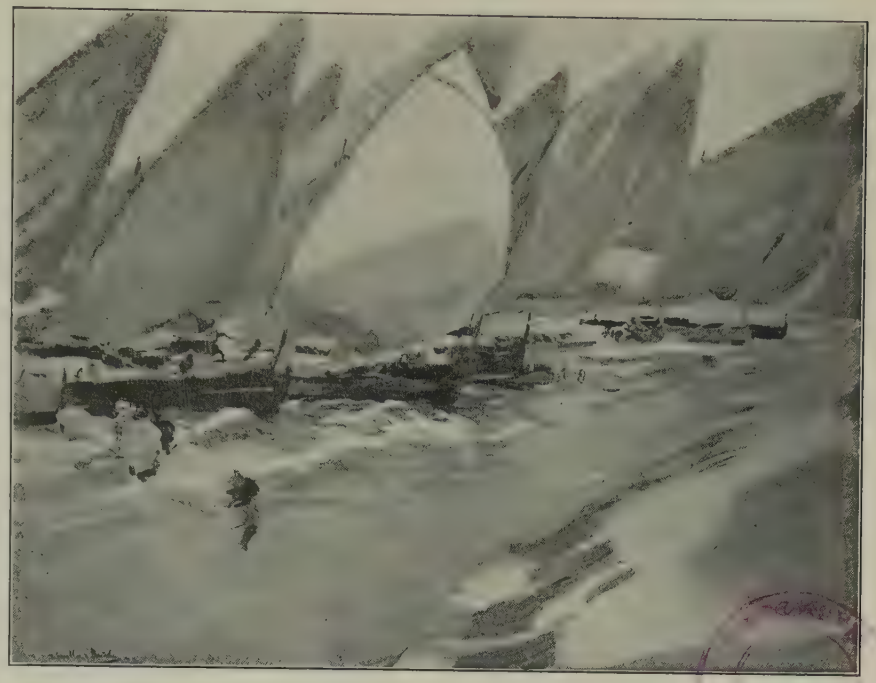
IN A LITTLE MORE THAN ONE MONTH 150,000 VISITORS HAVE THRONGED TO THE HISPANIC SOCIETY MUSEUM AT AUDUBON PARK—THE NUMBER GREW SO RAPIDLY THAT ARTISTS WONDER.

Is the New York public manifesting a sudden leaning toward things artistic; and, if not, why the surprising figures that were given out to-day at the Hispanic Society Museum? This is the problem that is being worked out in the studio belt with eager interest.

The exhibit of the Sorolla canvases—work of the Spanish painter—will be closed to-night at 10 o'clock. For a bit more than a month the pictures have been on view, seven days each week, from 10 A.M. until the same hour at night, and at the opening hour to-day the total of attendance had been 148,899, probably the largest number of visitors ever recorded at a similar exhibit in this city.

When the collection was first placed on view, on February 8th, attendance for the day was 589. From that time the crowds continued to increase, until, yes-

Estudio de barcas



Barcas pescadoras

terday, 29,461 visitors taxed the capacity of the exhibition room.

Something about the Sorolla exhibit caught the popular fancy and there has not been an hour of the day when the building has not been well filled with spectators of all classes.

Possibly the manner of conducting the exhibit has contributed to some extent to its success. There have been few, if any, restrictions.

The pictures are there, and the visitor may enter and linger as long as he likes before this or that favorite, without fear of being requested to make room for others. Even the umbrella has been treated with due courtesy, and no officious attendant has been on hand to separate it from its owner temporarily.

But, of course, the pictures themselves have been the chief attraction. When they are taken down, many of them will be shipped to Buffalo, where they will be placed on exhibition for three weeks. From Buffalo the collection will travel to Boston for several weeks' stay there. It is not likely that the collection will be allowed to leave this country. Many offers have been made for nearly every canvas in the group, and most of the paintings will be bought by local collectors.

Shortly after the lunch hour to-day a small parade of touring cars, cabs, and other vehicles began arriving, and these, added to the steady stream of visitors who came via the subway, gave the scene outside the exhibition something of the appearance of a Monday night at the opera. To-day's attendance, it was said, would probably be one of the largest of the month.

(*The New York Herald,* March 9, 1909.)

160,000 AT HISPANIC MUSEUM

ATTENDANCE GROWS FROM 589 PERSONS AT THE START, A MONTH AGO, TO 29,461 ON LAST SUNDAY

THRONGS of persons passed through the Hispanic Society's museum yesterday to get a last glimpse of the exhibition of paintings by Mr. Sorolla, a Spanish painter, which came to a brilliant close. The attendance since the exhibition was opened, on February 4th, has been 160,000 persons.

AT first the attendance was small, but the press and a general discussion of the merit of the pictures drew the attention of the public. The first general day, February 8th, had an attendance of 589 persons.

Barcas

The attendance on February 21st was 10,296, on Washington's Birthday, 11,906; on Sunday, February 28th, 19,173, while on last Saturday it was 25,002, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of visitors were turned away. The highest attendance was 29,461, which was recorded last Sunday.

(*The Evening Post,* March 9, 1909.)

What inference respecting the popular taste in art is to be drawn from the extraordinary success of the exhibition of Señor Sorolla's paintings in this city during the past month? They have easily been the art sensation of the year. The works of this one Spaniard have thrown the show of contemporary German art into complete eclipse. It is stated that 150,000 visitors have gone to the remote Hispanic Museum to bathe in Sorolla's sunlight. To conclude that they were all discriminating lovers of art would be foolish. A fashion set in such things easily draws along many thoughtless folk. But we know that genuine artists have gone again and again with renewed delight, and that really intelligent amateurs of art have leavened the crowds. Admitting the power of novelty in Sorolla's name and method, we

yet are bound to see in his marked triumph evidence of a capacity in the people to appreciate and to be moved by high art. This new Spanish Conquest of America simply proves once more that artistic genius has the world at its feet.

(*Las Novedades,* New York, March 11, 1909.)

EL GRAN TRIUNFO DE SOROLLA

Una concurrencia inmensa asistió el mártes último á la clausura de la exhibición de pinturas de Sorolla y Bastida, en el Museo de la Sociedad Hispánica de América. El número de personas que visitaron la exposición es el más grande que jamás haya concurrido en esta ciudad á exhibición alguna de arte, pues que desde el 4 de Febrero en que se abrió, han visto las famosas obras del artista español, 160,000 personas. El primer día de la exhibición para el público, después de la exhibición privada, concurrieron 589 personas; durante una semana hubo una concurrencia diaria de 4,000; el 21 de Febrero concurrieron 10,296; el 22, día de fiesta nacional, 11,906; el domingo 28 siguiente, 19,173, y el sábado último, 25,002, no habiendo sido posible á millares de personas poder entrar este día en el Museo, por la cantidad de visi-

Niños en la orilla

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tantes. La más grande cifra fué la alcanzada el domingo último, en que hubo 29,461 visitantes.

No pudo, pues, haber sido más completo el éxito obtenido por el notable pintor español, quien debe, con razón, sentirse orgulloso de ese triunfo suyo, sin precedente en este país. Su nombre se ha hecho verdaderamente popular entre los newyorkinos y su reputación artística ha quedado sólidamente sentada entre la más culta sociedad.

Se asegura que la venta de algunos de sus cuadros, produjo al señor Sorolla de tres cientos á cuatrocientos mil duros y que cuatro de ellos han sido adquiridos para el Museo Metropolitano de Bellas Artes.

No solo desde el punto de vista artístico ha sido beneficioso para España el grandioso triunfo de uno de sus ilustres hijos: el público de Nueva York ha tenido ocasión de ver pintadas con la maestría que Sorolla sabe hacerlo, algunas de las bellas escenas españolas, que han despertado el interés y el entusiasmo á que justamente son acreedoras y hecho nacer el deseo de ver la hermosa tierra en que se han desarrollado. Los risueños y pintorescos paisajes de Valencia, que tan bellos asuntos inspiraron á la imaginación del gran artista, han revelado al público americano la existencia de una tierra ideal para pasar los rigores del verno.

Nos complacemos una vez más en enviar al ilustre pintor nuestras más calurosas y entusiastas felicitaciones, movidos por el natural sentimiento de raza que ha despertado nuestro orgullo también ante su triunfo.

Playa de Valencia

CATALOGUE

330

Playa de Valencia

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I. HIS MAJESTY ALFONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN
(IN UNIFORM OF HUSSARS)

II. HIS MAJESTY ALFONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN
(IN UNIFORM OF ARTILLERY)

III. HER MAJESTY VICTORIA EUGENIA CRISTINA, QUEEN OF SPAIN

IV. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS

V. HER ROYAL HIGHNESS DOÑA YSABEL DE BORBÓN, INFANTA OF SPAIN

VI. HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG

1 Siete-Picos, Guadarrama

Seven-Peaks, Quadarrama Mts.
The mountain so-called, in the province of Madrid, is about 7160 ft. high.

2 Covachuelas, Toledo

Covachuelas, Toledo
Covachuelas, "Little Caves," is the most northern suburb of Toledo.

3 Las Pedrizas, Pardo

Las Pedrizas, Pardo
Pedriza, "Stony Tract," "Stone Fence." El Pardo, a little town of 1800 inhabitants, 40 minutes by tramway north from Madrid, in a royal park 36 miles in circumference.

4 Señor Gomar

A distinguished landscape-painter

5 El Torneo, Pardo

El Torneo, Pardo
Torneo, "jousting-place"

6 Una calle de Toledo

A Toledo street

7 Vista del Torneo

View from El Torneo

8 Murallas de Segovia

Walls of Segovia

"Segovia is an unmatched picture of the Middle Ages. You read its history on the old city-walls with their eighty-three towers."—*A. Gallenga.*

9 Convento del Parral, Segovia

Convent of El Parral, Segovia

Parral, "Vine-Arbor." The now suppressed monastery is across the Eresma, to the north of Segovia.

10 Alrededores de Segovia

Environs of Segovia

11 Reflejos del Cabo, Jávea

Reflections from the Cape, Jávea

Jávea, a town of 6700 inhabitants, on the Jalón, 45 miles south of Valencia. The cape is Cabo de San Antonio.

12 El Clamores, Segovia

The Clamores, Segovia

Segovia is perched on a rocky hill, about 330 ft. high, between two small streams, the Eresma, north, and the Clamores, south, which join to the west below the Alcázar.

331

Playa de Valencia

13 Rocas del Cabo, Jávea

Rocks of the Cape, Jávea

14 Alquería, Alcira

Farm-house, Alcira

Alcira is a town of 20,500 inhabitants, 23 miles south of Valencia. It has many palms and orange-trees.

15 María en Biarritz

María at Biarritz

Señorita Doña María Sorolla

16 Sombra del Puente Alcántara, Toledo

Shadow of the Alcántara Bridge, Toledo

This bridge at the northeast angle of the city has one large and one smaller arch. It is of Moorish origin (Arab. al kanṭara=bridge).

17 Castillo de San Servando, Toledo

On the heights on the left bank of the Tagus are the ruins of the Castle of San Servando, erected by Alfonso VI (1072-1109) to protect the convent of that name and the city, and renewed by Alfonso VIII (1158-1214).

18 Dr. Decret

An eminent physician

19 Puente de Alcántara, Toledo
Alcántara Bridge, Toledo

20 La Selva, Granja
The Forest, La Granja
In 1719 Philip V purchased the granja, "grange," of the Hieronymite monks, seven miles southeast of Segovia and began to construct the château and gardens named La Granja.

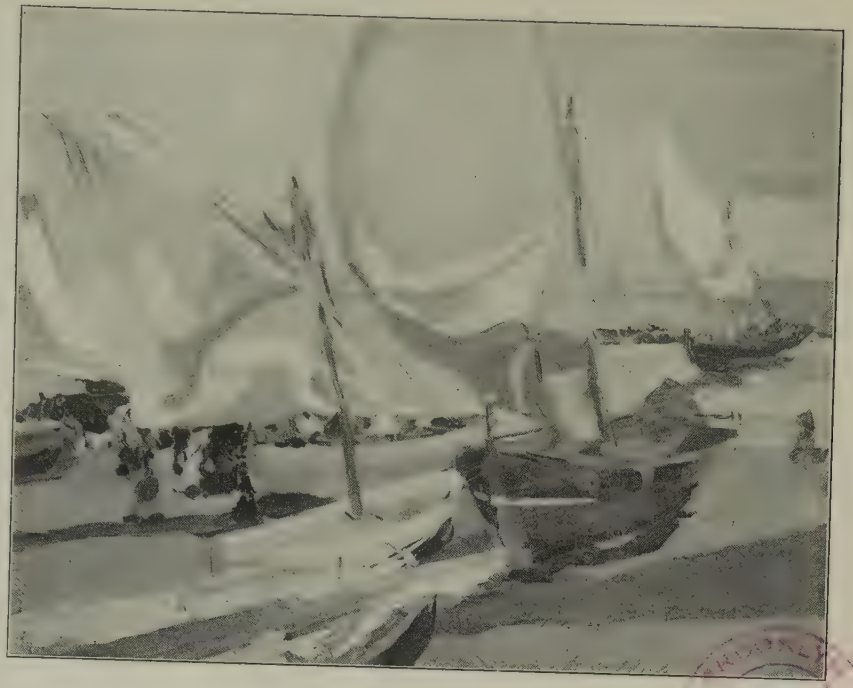
21 Río de las Truchas, Granja
Trout-stream, La Granja

22 Patio de las Danzas, Alcázar, Sevilla
Court of the Dances, Alcázar, Seville
The Alcázar, the palace of the Moorish kings, has been the residence of the Spanish sovereigns since the capture of the city by St. Ferdinand in 1248.

23 Adelfas
Rose-bay trees

24 Cañada, Asturias
Glen, Asturias

25 Pabellón de Carlos V, Sevilla
Pavilion of Charles V (Charles I of Spain), Seville



332

Playa de Valencia

26 Puente de San Martín, Toledo
St. Martin's Bridge, Toledo

27 Naranjos
Orange-trees

28 Cordeleros
Rope-makers

29 Señor Franzen
The photographer

30 Rocas del Faro, Biarritz
Rocks at the lighthouse, Biarritz

31 Puente de San Martín, Toledo
St. Martin's Bridge, Toledo

32 Pescadora valenciana
Valencian fisherwoman

33 Camino de San Esteban, Asturias
Road of San Esteban, Asturias

34 Estanque del Alcázar, Sevilla
Basin in the Alcázar, Seville

35 Puerto de Valencia
Harbor of Valencia

36 Amontonando el heno, Asturias
Haymaking, Asturias

37 Casa del Greco, Toledo
House of "El Greco," Toledo
Domingo Theotocópuli, called "El Greco" (1548-1625)

38 María con sombrero negro
María with black hat
Señorita Doña María Sorolla

39 Torre de entrada en Toledo
Tower of entrance, Toledo

40 Las Covachuelas, Toledo
(See No. 2)

41 Rocas, Jávea
Rocks, Jávea
(See No. 11)

42 Camino de los Alijares, Toledo
Road of the Alijares, "Stony Ground," Toledo

43 Familia segoviana
Segovian family

333

Redes á secar

44 Escaldando uva, Jávea
Scalding grapes
(See No. 11)

45 Joaquín
Señor D. Joaquín Sorolla

46 Elena
Helen
Señorita Doña Elena Sorolla

47 El Grutesco, Alcázar, Sevilla
"El Grutesco"

48 Playa de Valencia
Beach of Valencia

49 Velas á secar, Valencia
Sails drying

50 Naranjo
Orange-tree

51 Niño con la barquita
Little boy with toy boat

52 Viejo pescador valenciano
Old Valencian fisherman

53 Barcas de pesca
Fishing-boats

54 Puerto de Valencia
Harbor of Valencia

55 El beso
The kiss

56 Niño sobre una roca, Jávea
Little boy on a rock

57 Bao de la Reina, Valsáin
The Queen's Beam, Valsáin
Valsáin, an old and neglected hunting-château, two miles from La Granja, built by Philip II and burned in the reign of Charles II.

58 Escalera del Palacio, Granja
Staircase of the Palace, La Granja

59 Elena en el Pardo
Helen at El Pardo

60 Fuente de los Caballos, Granja
Fountain of the Horses, La Granja
The fountains of La Granja are superior to those of Versailles. They were mainly made in 1727 by Isabella Farnese as a surprise for her husband Philip V, on his return after a long absence. He said: "It has cost me three millions and has amused me three minutes." The water is supplied by an artificial lake, El Mar, 4100 ft. above the sea.

Empujando la barca

PUBLIC LIBRARY

61 Otoño, Granja
Autumn, La Granja

62 María pintando, Pardo
María painting, Pardo

63 Fuente de la Selva, Granja
Fountain of the Forest, La Granja

64 Fuente de Neptuno, Granja
Fountain of Neptune, La Granja

65 Huerto de naranjos, Valencia
Orange-grove, Valencia

66 Francisqueta, Valencia
Fanny, Valencia

67 Esperando la pesca, Valencia
Waiting for the fish, Valencia

68 Recogiendo la vela, Valencia
Taking in the sail, Valencia

69 Regreso de la pesca, Valencia
Return from fishing, Valencia

70 Pescadores de quisquillas, Valencia
Crayfishers, Valencia

71 Nadador, Jávea
Swimmer, Jávea

72 Elena entre rosas
Helen among roses

73 Idilio
Idyl

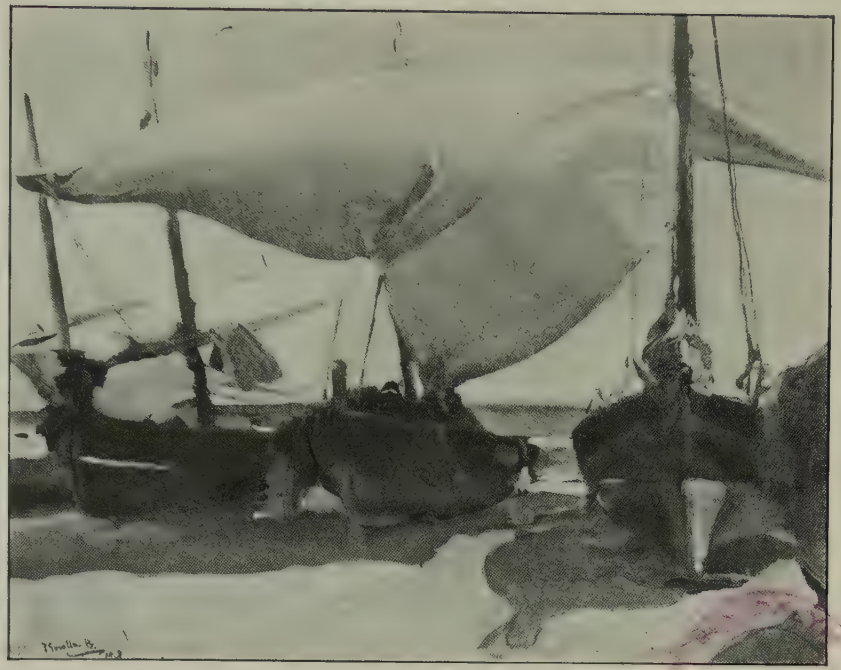
74 Señor D. Vicente Blasco Ibáñez
The eminent novelist

75 Árbol amarillo, Granja
Yellow tree, La Granja

76 El ciego de Toledo
Blind man of Toledo

77 Pescadora con su hijo, Valencia
Fisherwoman with her son, Valencia

78 El baño, Granja
The bath, La Granja



Playa de Valencia

79 Cosiendo la vela, Valencia
Sewing the sail, Valencia

80 Buscando cangrejos, Jávea
Looking for crabs, Jávea

81 María, Granja
María, La Granja

82 Joaquín y su perro
Joaquín and his dog

83 Sobre la arena
Upon the sand

84 Pescadoras valencianas
Valencian fisherwomen

85 Señora de Sorolla (blanco)
Señora de Sorolla in white

86 A la orilla del mar, Valencia
At the sea-shore, Valencia

87 Valenciana
Valencian woman

88 En los jardines de la Granja
In the Gardens of La Granja
The Gardens of La Granja, laid out by the French landscape-gardener, Boutelet, cover 350 acres.

89 Viejo castellano
Old Castilian

90 Excelentísimo
Señor Marqués D. Estanislao de Urquijo
Banker and statesman

91 Hija de pescador, Valencia
Fisherman's daughter, Valencia

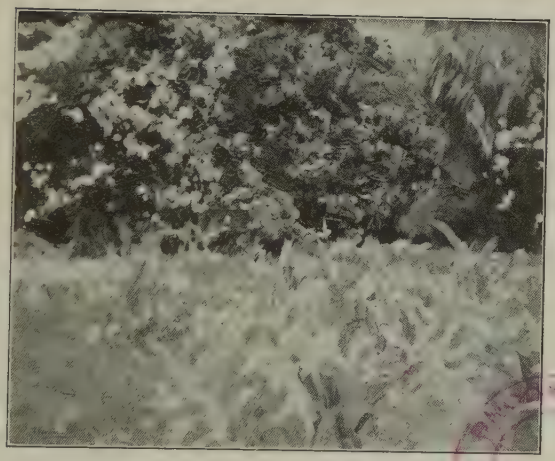
92 Elena y sus muñecas
Helen and her dolls

93 Mis hijos
My children

94 Nadadores
Swimmers

95 Baja mar (Elena en Biarritz)
Low tide (Helen at Biarritz)

96 Componiendo redes
Mending nets



Adelfas

97 El baño, Jávea
The bath, Jávea

98 El baño, Jávea

99 Encajonando pasa
Boxing raisins

100 Puente de la Selva, Granja
Forest Bridge, La Granja

101 Vista del Palacio, Granja
View of the Palace, La Granja

102 Vuelta de la pesca, Valencia
Return from fishing, Valencia

103 Al baño, Valencia
At the bath, Valencia

104 Niña con lazo azul, Valencia
Little girl with blue ribbon, Valencia

105 María en el puerto de Jávea
María, at the harbor of Jávea

106 Instantanea, Biarritz
Instantaneous, Biarritz

107 Niño entre espumas, Jávea
Boy among breakers, Jávea

108 Jardín del Alcázar, Sevilla
Garden of the Alcázar, Seville

109 Camino de adelfas, Valencia
Rose-bay road, Valencia

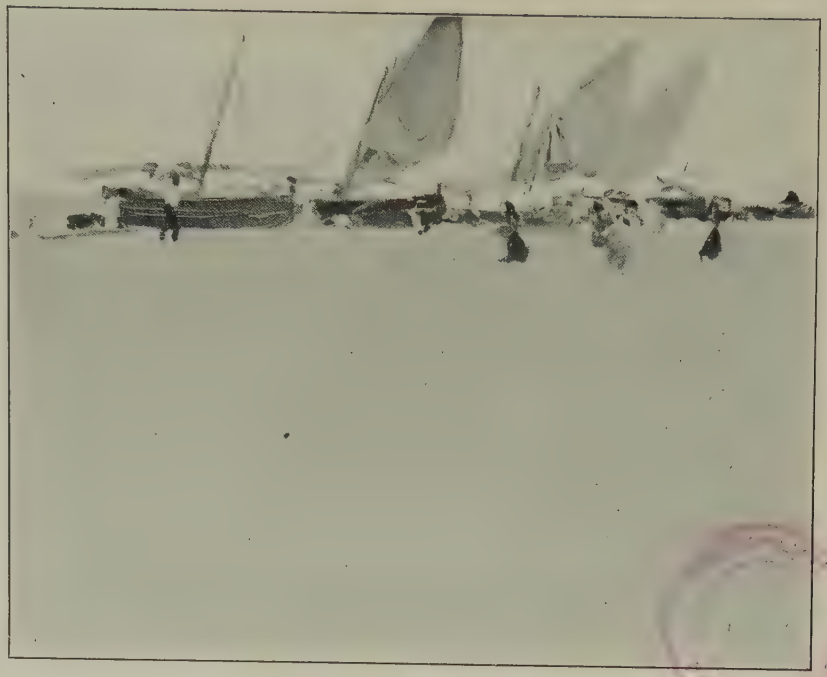
110 María y su abuela
María and her grandmother

111 Malvarrosa, Valencia
Malvarrosa Beach, Valencia

112 Huerta de Valencia
The Huerta or "Garden" of Valencia

113 Jardín del Alcázar, Sevilla
Garden of the Alcázar, Seville

114 Jardín del Alcázar, Sevilla



Playa de Valencia

115 La Giralda, Sevilla

This tower, originally the minaret of the principal mosque, was erected 1184-96 by the architect Jâbir. It is 45 ft. sq., has walls 8 ft. thick and was at first 230 ft. high. In 1568 the cathedral chapter commissioned Hernán Ruiz to build the upper section. The Giraldillo or vane is 305 ft. above the ground.

116 Palacio de Carlos V, Sevilla
Palace of Charles V, Seville

117 Puerto de Valencia
Harbor of Valencia

118 Marqués de la Vega-Ynclán

119 Puerto de Valencia
Harbor of Valencia

120 Al agua, Valencia
At the water

121 Casa de la Huerta, Valencia
House in the "Huerta," Valencia

122 Jardín de la playa, Valencia
Beach garden, Valencia

123 Huerta de Valencia
"Huerta" of Valencia

124 Jardín del Alcázar, Sevilla
Garden of the Alcázar, Seville

125 Asturias
Asturias

126 San Sebastián
San Sebastián

126A Estudio de oleaje
Study of surf

127 Puerto viejo, Biarritz
Old harbor, Biarritz

128 Playa de Biarritz
Beach of Biarritz

129 Playa de Biarritz

130 Playa de Biarritz

131 Playa de Biarritz

132 Playa de Biarritz

Playa de Valencia

133 Playa de Biarritz

134 Playa de Biarritz

135 Playa de Biarritz

136 Playa de Biarritz

137 Playa de Biarritz

138 Playa de Biarritz

139 Playa de Biarritz

140 Playa de Biarritz

141 Playa de Biarritz

142 Playa de Biarritz

143 Playa de Biarritz

144 La Concha, San Sebastián

San Sebastián, the summer residence of the royal family, is at the south base of the Monte Orgull, a rocky island now connected with the main land,

and on alluvial ground between the mouth of the Urumea on the east and the bay of La Concha, "The Shell," on the west.

145 Playa de Biarritz

146 Playa de Biarritz

147 Playa de Biarritz

148 Playa de Biarritz

149 Playa de Biarritz

150 Playa de Biarritz

151 Playa de Biarritz

152 Playa de Biarritz

153 Playa de Biarritz

154 Playa de Biarritz

155 Playa de Valencia

Playa de Valencia

156 Playa de Valencia

157 Playa de Valencia

158 Puerto de San Sebastián

159 Puerto de San Sebastián

160 Playa de Valencia

161 Pasajes

The beautiful and almost land-locked Bay of Pasajes, which resembles an Alpine lake. The Basque whaling-port from the 16th to the 18th century. From it Lafayette sailed for America in 1776.

162 Puerto de San Sebastián

163 La Concha, San Sebastián

164 La Concha, San Sebastián

165 Puerto de Pasajes

166 Playa de Valencia

167 Playa de Valencia

168 Playa de Valencia

169 Playa de Valencia

170 Playa de Valencia

171 Playa de Valencia

172 Playa de Valencia

173 Playa de Valencia

174 Playa de Valencia

175 Playa de Valencia

176 Playa de Valencia

177 Playa de Valencia

Leoneses

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178 Cabo de San Antonio, Jávea
Cape San Antonio, Jávea

179 Galicia

180 Cosiendo la vela
Sewing the sail

181 Adormideras
Poppies

182 Playa de Valencia

183 Malvarrosa
Malvarrosa Beach, Valencia

184 Puerto de San Sebastián

185 Playa de Valencia

186 Locutorio
"Locutory," in convents a place for the reception of visitors.

187 Playa de Valencia

188 Playa de Valencia

189 Cabo de San Antonio, Jávea
Cape San Antonio, Jávea

190 Not exhibited

191 Adelfas
Rose-bays

192 Playa de Valencia

193 La Concha, San Sebastián

194 Playa de Valencia

195 Playa de Valencia

196 Playa de Valencia

196A Playa de Valencia

197 Biarritz

198 Biarritz

Al baño

199 Segovia

200 Asturias

201 Versalles
Versailles

202 Playa de Valencia

203 Playa de Valencia

204 Playa de Valencia

205 Playa de Valencia

206 Patio del Cabañal
Court of the Cabañal
In the season (mid-June to October) tramways run from Valencia to the north through El Cabañal, "Huts," to the bathing-establishment, Las Arenas.

207 En el río
In the river

208 Puerto de Valencia

209 Playa de Valencia

210 Puerto de Valencia

211 Playa de Valencia

212 Playa de Valencia

213 Playa de Valencia

214 Malvas reales
Royal mallows

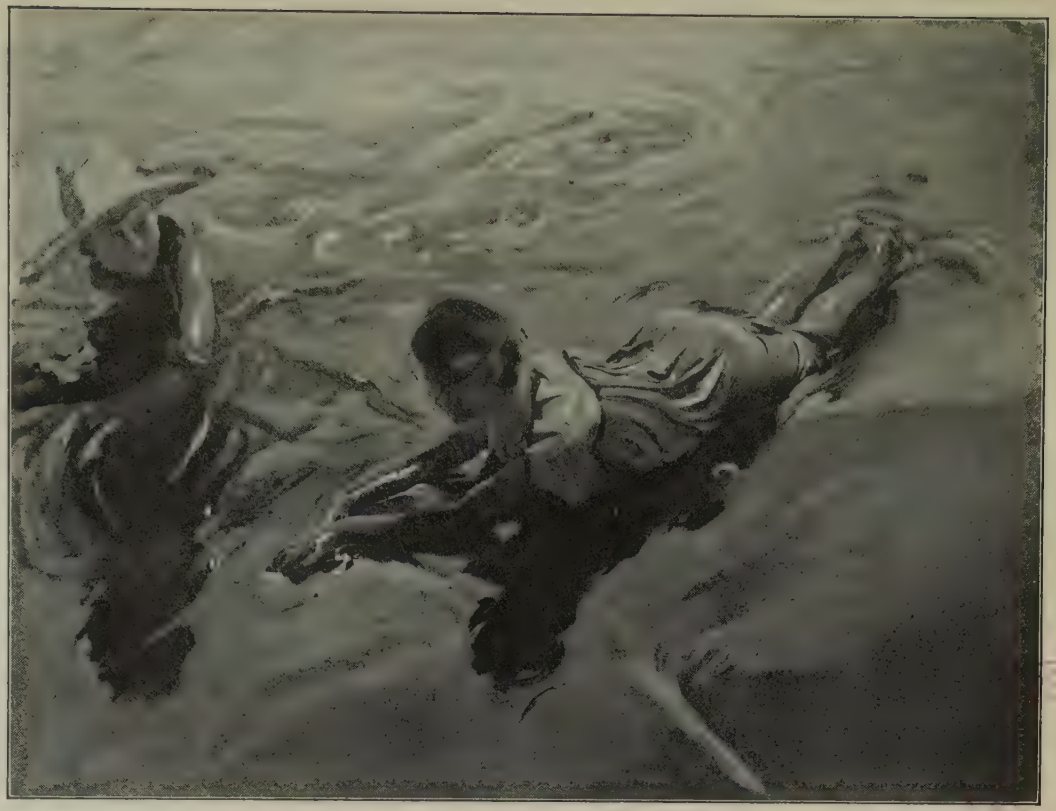
215 Los geranios
Geraniums

216 Altar de San Vicente, Valencia
Altar of St. Vincent Ferrer in the house in which he was born, at Valencia, Jan. 23, 1355 or 1357. He died in 1419.

217 Playa de Valencia

218 Puerto de Avilés

219 Playa de Valencia



Idilio en el mar

220 Playa de Valencia

221 Playa de Valencia

222 Mercado de León
Market of León

223 Playa de Valencia

224 Playa de Valencia

225 Playa de Valencia

226 Playa de Valencia

227 Playa de Valencia

228 Huerta de Valencia
"Huerta" of Valencia

229 Playa de Valencia

230 Playa de Valencia

231 Playa de Valencia

232 Playa de Valencia

233 Playa de Valencia

234 Playa de Valencia

235 Asturias

236 Playa de Valencia

237 Mujeres jugando
Women playing

238 Playa de Valencia

239 Playa de Valencia

240 Playa de Valencia

241 Playa de Valencia

241A Original sketch for No. 350

Señor D. Manuel B. Cossio

242 Mercado de León

243 Playa de Valencia

244 Playa de Valencia

245 Playa de Valencia

246 Playa de Valencia

247 Asturias

248 León

249 Asturias

250 Jávea

251 Asturias

252 León

253 Asturias

254 Asturias

255 Playa de Valencia

256 Playa de Valencia

257 Asturias

258 León

259 Playa de Valencia

260 Playa de Valencia

261 Playa de Valencia

262 León

263 Playa de Valencia

264 Asturias

265 Galicia

Los pimientos

266 Malvarrosa
Malvarrosa Beach, Valencia

267 Jávea

268 Biarritz

269 Puerto de Jávea

270 La Concha, San Sebastián

271 San Sebastián

272 San Sebastián

273 Playa de Valencia

274 Playa de Valencia

275 Playa de Valencia

276 Playa de Valencia

277 Playa de Valencia

278 Lavanderas
Washerwomen

279 San Sebastián

280 Playa de Valencia

281 San Sebastián

282 San Sebastián

283 Playa de Valencia

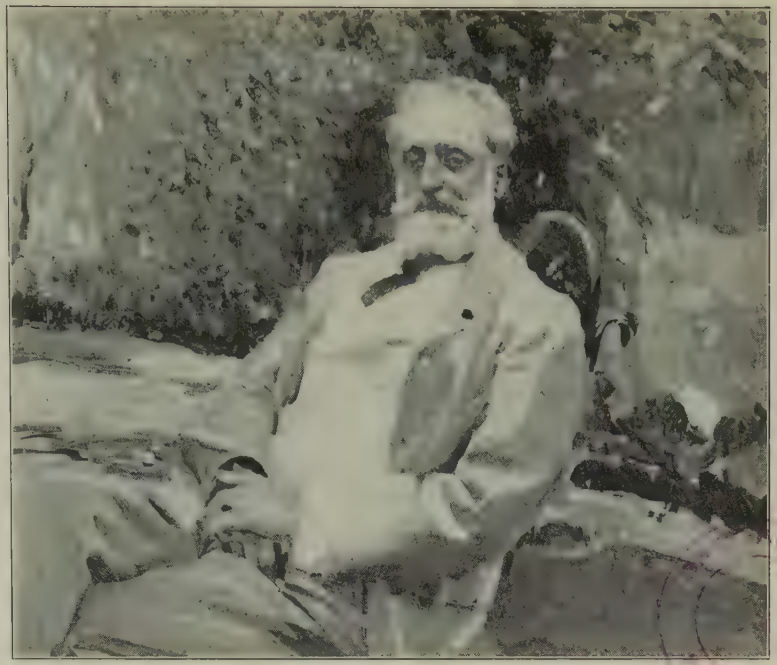
284 Playa de Valencia

285 El tío Pancha
Uncle Pancha

286 Señor García
The father-in-law of Señor Sorolla

287 Niño desnudo, Granja
Boy nude, La Granja

288 Señora de Sorolla (negro)
Señora de Sorolla in black



Excelentísimo Señor D. Raimundo de Madrazo

289 Excelentísimo
Señor Duque de Alba
Grande de España

290 Madre (Señora de Sorolla)
Mother (Señora de Sorolla)

291 Corriendo por la playa
Running along the beach

292 Después del baño
After the bath

293 Paseo del Faro, Biarritz
Lighthouse Walk, Biarritz

294 Niño en la playa
Little boy on the beach

295 Cabo de San Antonio, Jávea
Cape San Antonio, Jávea

296 Excelentísimo
Señor Conde de Villagonzalo
The Count de Villagonzalo

297 Niño en el mar
Boy in the sea

298 Niños en la playa
Children on the beach

299 Barcas valencianas
Valencian boats

300 El hermano pequeño
The little brother

301 Niños en el mar
Children in the sea

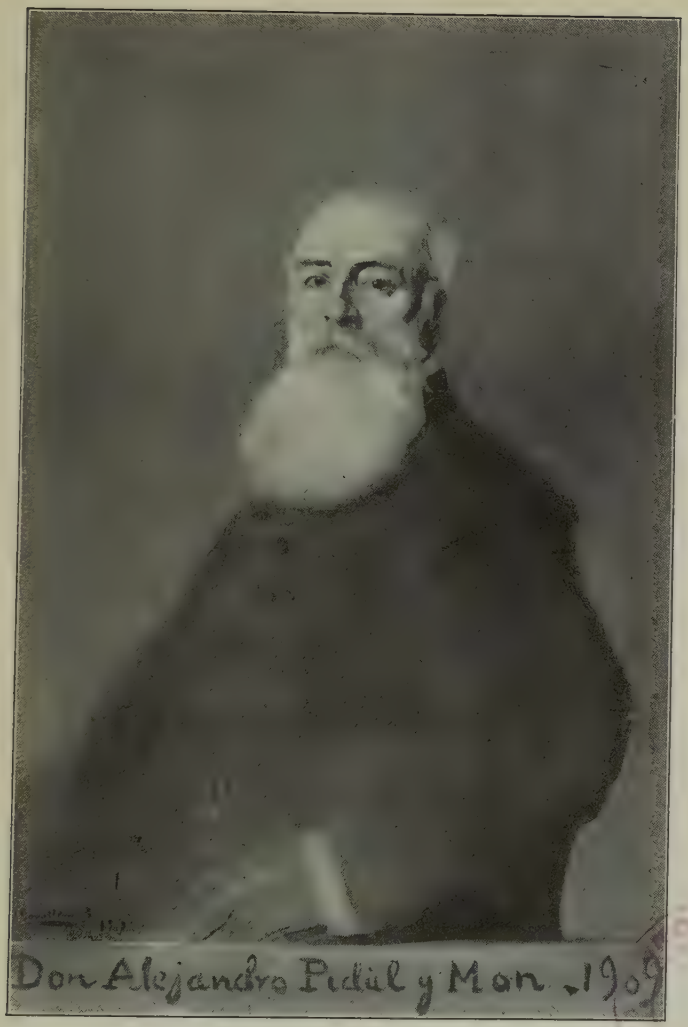
302 Naranjal, Alcira
Orange-grove, Alcira

303 Al agua
At the water

304 Niño en la playa
Little boy on the beach

305 Calle de naranjos
Street of orange-trees

306 Jugando en el agua
Playing in the water



Excelentísimo Señor D. Alejandro Pidal y Mon

307 Playa de Valencia (Luz de la mañana)
Beach of Valencia by morning light

308 Salida del baño
Coming out of the bath

309 El nieto
The grandson

310 Alegría del agua
Water joy

311 Sobre la arena
On the sand

312 D. Francisco Acebal
Man of letters

313 Excelentísimo
Señor D. Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo
The most eminent living scholar of Spain. Born at Santander, Nov. 3, 1856, at the age of 22 he became a professor in the University of Madrid, and when 25 was admitted to the Spanish Academy. After more than twenty years' service he resigned his professorship to become Director of the National Library.

314 Excelentísimo
Señor D. Aureliano de Beruete
An eminent historian and critic of art, especially distinguished for his work on Velázquez.

315 Excelentísimo
Señor Marqués de Viana
Grande de España

316 Playa de Valencia

317 Señor Granzón

318 Toros que se preparan para sacar las barcas de pesca, Valencia
Oxen ready to beach fishing-boats, Valencia
Called in England "Beaching the Boat"

319 Niños en el mar
Children in the sea

320 Mar (Efecto de la mañana)
Sea (Morning effect)

321 Barca pescadora
Fishing-boat

322 Velas en el mar
Sails at sea

323 Vuelta de la pesca
Return from fishing

324 Barcas en la arena
Boats on the sand

325 Estudio de barcas
Study of boats

326 Barcas pescadoras
Fishing-boats

327 Barcas
Boats

328 Niños en la orilla
Children on the beach

329 Playa de Valencia

330 Playa de Valencia

331 Playa de Valencia

332 Playa de Valencia

333 Redes á secar
Nets drying

334 Empujando la barca
Shoving off the boat

335 Playa de Valencia

336 Adelfas
Rose-bays

337 Playa de Valencia

338 Playa de Valencia

339 Playa de Valencia

340 Leoneses
Leonese peasants

341 Al baño
At the bath

342 Idilio en el mar
Sea idyl

343 Not exhibited

344 Señor D. Manuel B. Cossío
Director of the Instituto Pedagógico, Madrid, and author of "El Greco"
(Acquired by the Hispanic Society of America)

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Thursday, February 4	88	
Friday, February 5	194	
Saturday, February 6	456	
Sunday, February 7	905	1,643

PUBLIC EXHIBITION, FIRST WEEK

Monday, February 8	589	
Tuesday, February 9	531	
Wednesday, February 10	453	
Thursday, February 11	658	
Friday, February 12	2,445	
Saturday, February 13	1,611	
Sunday, February 14	4,047	10,334

SECOND WEEK

Monday, February 15	775	
Tuesday, February 16	514	
Wednesday, February 17	1,476	
Thursday, February 18	1,517	
Friday, February 19	1,122	
Saturday, February 20	2,274	
Sunday, February 21	10,296	17,974

THIRD WEEK

Monday, February 22	11,906	
Tuesday, February 23	680	
Wednesday, February 24	821	
Thursday, February 25	1,390	
Friday, February 26	2,586	
Saturday, February 27	6,160	
Sunday, February 28	19,173	42,716

FOURTH WEEK

Monday, March 1	3,176	
Tuesday, March 2	2,356	
Wednesday, March 3	4,794	
Thursday, March 4	2,536	
Friday, March 5	8,904	
Saturday, March 6	25,002	
Sunday, March 7	29,461	76,229

Monday, March 8 10,935

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